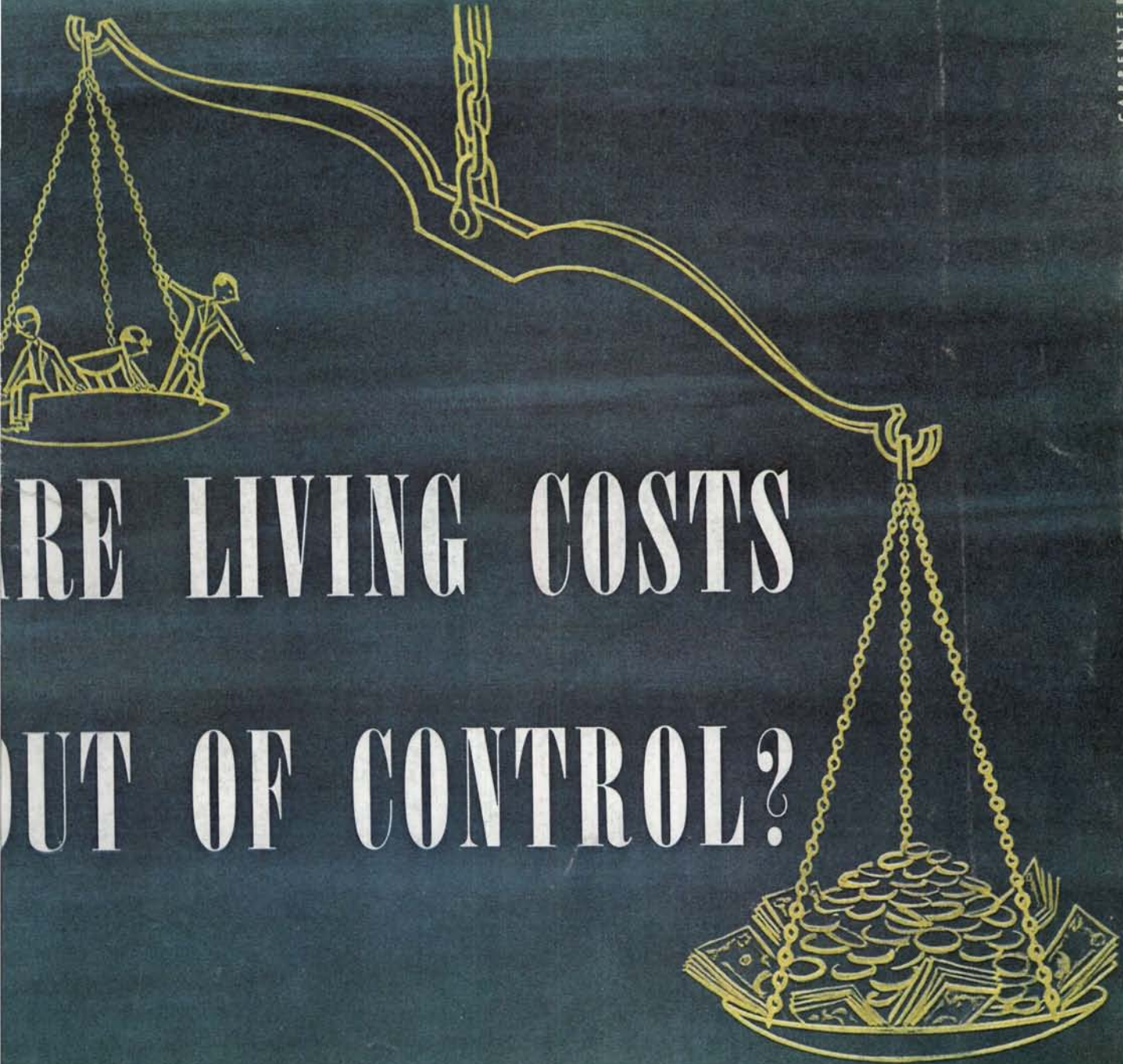


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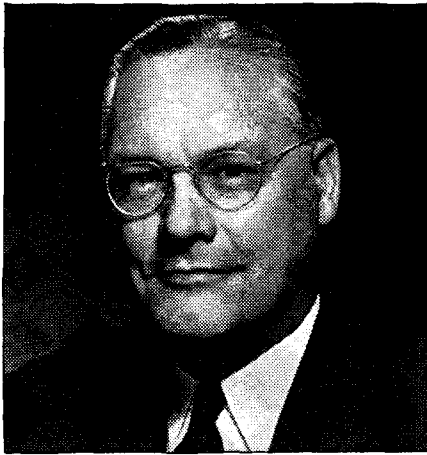
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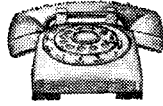
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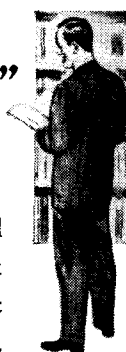
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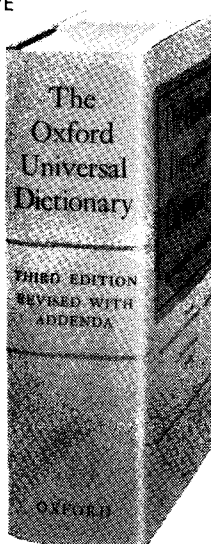
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Israel



ANYONE who was in Israel during the weeks preceding the brief but dramatic campaign across the Sinai Peninsula had little doubt about one thing: it was the people, not the leaders, who demanded that something be done. One could hardly fail to sense the electricity in the air, the tension in living rooms and factories, on the street and in offices. If anything, the government held back and delayed action. But eventually the Ben-Gurion cabinet would have faced serious difficulties at home if it had not decided to strike at the Egyptian military bases in the Sinai desert.

A glance at the map shows that Israel looks like a stubby carrot with a thin green top sticking out of the ground. The root part of the carrot is solidly wedged in between Egypt and Jordan, and it is all desert — the Negev. The leafy top part corresponds to the fertile land in Israel's north; it comprises less than half of the 7800 square miles on which this nation must find a living.

As you approach the coastline by plane, you can see across the entire width of the country into neighboring Jordan. There is not a single point in all of Israel where the nearest border is farther away than 25 miles — considerably less than, for example, the length of New York City. It is almost impossible to realize what it means to live in a country where the border is so close.

The feeling of being fenced in is painfully intensified by the fact that every one of the neighbors is hostile. Egypt and Jordan, Syria and Lebanon, were Israel's enemies in the war of 1948 which followed the creation of the country. None of these neighbors has yet concluded a peace treaty with Israel, nor does any one of them intend to make

peace. It is their repeatedly and publicly avowed determination to eliminate the unwelcome neighbor.

This dangerous situation is made worse by the fact that other enemies in the 1948 war, such as Iraq and Saudi Arabia, have not even signed an armistice; as far as they are concerned, hostilities are still on. This is why an Iraqi-Israeli war was feared last October when the Iraqi government, supported by Britain, proposed to send troops to Jordan. Israeli leaders felt it was intolerable to have Iraqi soldiers on Israel's border so long as Israel was still technically in a state of war with Iraq.

Frontier violations

In the five months preceding the Sinai campaign, Egyptian, Jordanian, and Syrian armed forces invaded and devastated Israeli border towns three to four times a week. Small-scale war had become a normal state of affairs. All villages and towns set up in recent years had to be built like fortifications in depth with the individual houses and farms laid out in such a way that they would double as strong points in case of an enemy invasion.

Day by day the harassed nation was forcefully reminded by its neighbors that this small-scale war was merely the beginning. Syria's President Shukri el-Kuwaitli said: "The present situation demands the mobilization of all Arab strength to liquidate the state which has arisen in our neighborhood. Israel is like a cancer."

Jordan's King Hussein last summer wired President Nasser: "We look forward to the future when the flag of the Arabs will wave over our stolen country." Throughout the month of October, which

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The Atlantic Report on Israel



finally brought the explosion, similar statements came from the government leaders of Israel's neighbors and were sounded daily by the Arab press and radio.

In a dramatic session of Parliament, Prime Minister Ben-Gurion raised the question which men and women had been asking in the streets, their homes, and public places: Why does the United Nations not intervene? "How is it possible," Ben-Gurion said, "to reconcile the boycott and blockade of Israel, publicly organized and implemented by the Arab States, with the UN Charter?"

The economic boycott

Israel has never had the use of the Suez Canal. Egypt has barred Israeli ships from passing through ever since 1948. More than this, Egypt has black-listed vessels of other nations for carrying goods to Israel. The list of goods confiscated on their way to or from Israel includes frozen meat, chemicals, cement, medical supplies, gasoline, money, motorcycles, and even automobiles assembled in Israel and destined for Kenya.

Confronted with an Israeli protest against this ban on use of the Suez Canal, the United Nations requested Egypt on September 1, 1951, "to terminate the restriction on passage of international commercial shipping and goods through the Suez Canal wherever bound, and to cease all interference with such shipping beyond that essential to the safety of shipping in the Canal itself and to the observance of the International Conventions in force."

The resolution has been ignored and conditions have remained unchanged. In the five years which have gone by since, neither the UN nor any of the Great Powers have made an attempt to bring about Egyptian compliance with the UN order. A renewed Israeli protest in 1954 produced a more strongly worded New Zealand resolution, which fell by the wayside because of a Soviet veto.

So Israel has been compelled to take the financially ruinous long route around Africa. The port of Elat at the southernmost tip of Israel is practically sealed off by two fortified Egyptian islands which control all traffic going in and out. Moreover, not only Egypt but also other Arab countries have black-listed ships of foreign registry which call on Israeli ports in the Mediterranean where they cannot be stopped by force. About a hundred British, Scandinavian, U.S., and Dutch vessels have thus lost the privilege of such services as

bunkering, taking on water, making repairs, loading, and unloading in ports of the Arab countries which recognize the black list.

Water

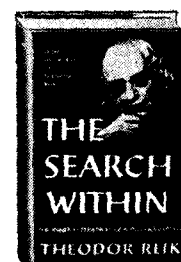
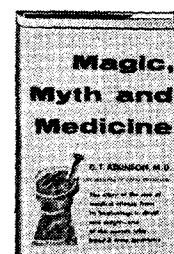
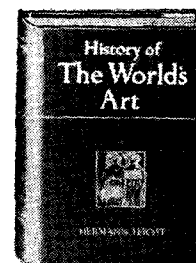
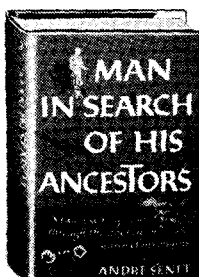
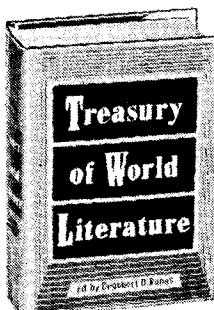
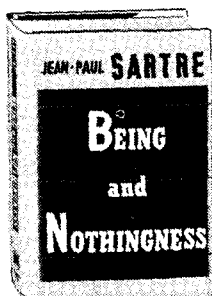
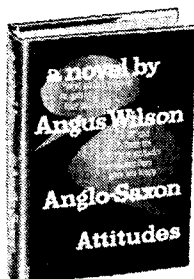
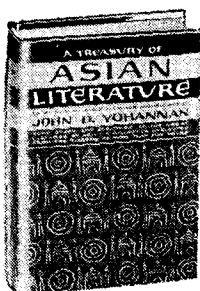
As in several other Middle Eastern countries, water supply in Israel determines life or death not only for the individual but for the nation. The annual amount of precipitation is about one eighth of New York State's or New England's. Of this precipitation 96 per cent disappears somewhere in the ground or evaporates. The entire south, which contains more than half the area of the country, has hardly any water at all.

Deep wells merely tap the subterranean accumulations of past ages and lower the water level. It would take centuries to let the water level rise again by the same slow natural process as in the past. The real solution is to pipe water down from the north, where it is available. In 1955 a pipeline was opened from the Yarkon River to the Negev. The project of saving the storm waters of the big Hulah swamps for all-year agricultural production is more than 50 per cent completed. A Ten-Year Plan which envisages an annual water supply of about 54 billion cubic feet of water has been drawn up. More than 80 per cent of this will go to agriculture, increasing the cultivated area sufficiently to feed the nation.

But if the ample water supplies of the north are to reach the south, they must flow uphill over the mountains in central Israel. This means pumping the water over long distances. Thus more than one third of the power in the country is needed for the pumping of water. To make this more difficult there is no coal, hardly any firewood, and for all practical purposes no oil in the country. Of course next door there is the world's big oil pool in the Arab countries. But they won't sell to Israel. Israel must import oil at considerable transport expense — a severe drain on the dollar reserves of a country which still runs a tremendous trade deficit because it imports four times as much as it exports.

Electric power

Hydroelectric power could greatly relieve this situation. An ambitious plan exists, drawn up by Eric Johnston. Unfortunately its execution, so vital to both agriculture and industry, awaits the time when the walls of hatred on Israel's borders come tumbling down. How this hostility of the neighbors penetrates into the nation's domestic affairs is evident from the so-called Jordan Canal Project, a part of the Johnston blueprints which



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Israel tried to make a reality. This project involves cutting a canal from the Jordan River at the B'not Yaakov Bridge to Lake Kinneret. It would carry the water over a 700-foot drop to a power station, then into the lake. Some 3 billion cubic feet of water would be added to the upper Jordan, and the river would continue to flow in its old bed with hardly a diminution in volume. The canal would be about 11 miles long; about 1.5 miles of it — though still inside Israel's border — would be in the demilitarized zone near the Syrian border.

Syria protested against the construction, and the dispute has been before the United Nations since September, 1953. But completion of the last 1.5 miles has to be postponed pending settlement with Syria or a UN decision against Syria. In the meantime Israel cannot produce electric power in this new plant even though it is on her own territory.

The impact of such harassment and hostility on every border day in, day out, is felt in dozens of ways. Tourist business, a potential source of badly

needed foreign exchange, has suffered seriously because of the continuous attacks of marauders on towns, villages, and highways. The defense budget drains the treasury of funds which would be urgently needed for productive projects. The population must divide their time between plow or machine and sentry duty. Even young girls come under the compulsory military service law. The economic loss caused by these political conditions is tremendous.

Middle East powder keg

What is behind the unrelenting bitterness between Israel and her neighbors? One look at the Middle East will show that Israel is the only democracy in the area, while the rest of the countries are either absolute monarchies or military dictatorships. This political setup is not a coincidence. It is part of the whole development which makes the Middle East the powder keg that it is today. Israel's neighbors are only slowly, emerging from the feudal era.

Feudalism is not just a political affair. The roots of the real antago-

nism between Israel and her neighbors lie in the difference between feudalism and modern democracy: the difference between landless peasants who use the tools and techniques of the Middle Ages or ancient times and farmers who employ tractors, combines, artificial fertilizer, and modern scientific advice; the difference between a one-man artisan shop and assembly-line production; the difference between man or animal power and machine power. These and other differences have split the Middle East into two worlds, which can neither understand each other nor live peacefully side by side.

There is no patent formula that would bring peace to the area overnight, but there are many ways which would lead toward that goal. A fleeting glance at the crazy-quilt shape of Israel's border makes it clear that incidents are inevitable even with good intentions on both sides of the frontier. Revision of those borders to reduce the number of friction points, or a swap of minorities (as in the case of Greece and Turkey) and fair compensation for those resettled people as well as for the refugees of the 1948 war, would lessen tension.

Swift UN punishment of the disturber of peace, be it in border raids or large-scale invasions, might prevent future explosions while the Arabs and Israelis learn to live and work peacefully together. Such cultural and economic coöperation would be beneficial for both sides.

It is imperative, prior to any settlement, that Israel gain the conviction of not being isolated, deserted, surrounded by walls of hatred; while the Arabs must win assurance that Israel — relieved of her fear — will not try to extend her borders at the expense of her neighbors.

If the Middle Eastern nations, aided by the United Nations and the West, were to complete their painful evolution from feudalism to a modern society, their internal conditions would become more stable and their relations with Israel as well as with the West would become more friendly. It will depend on the wisdom of the West whether the peoples of that area find their way toward a modern democratic society or lose their way in that chaos which can benefit only Soviet Russia.



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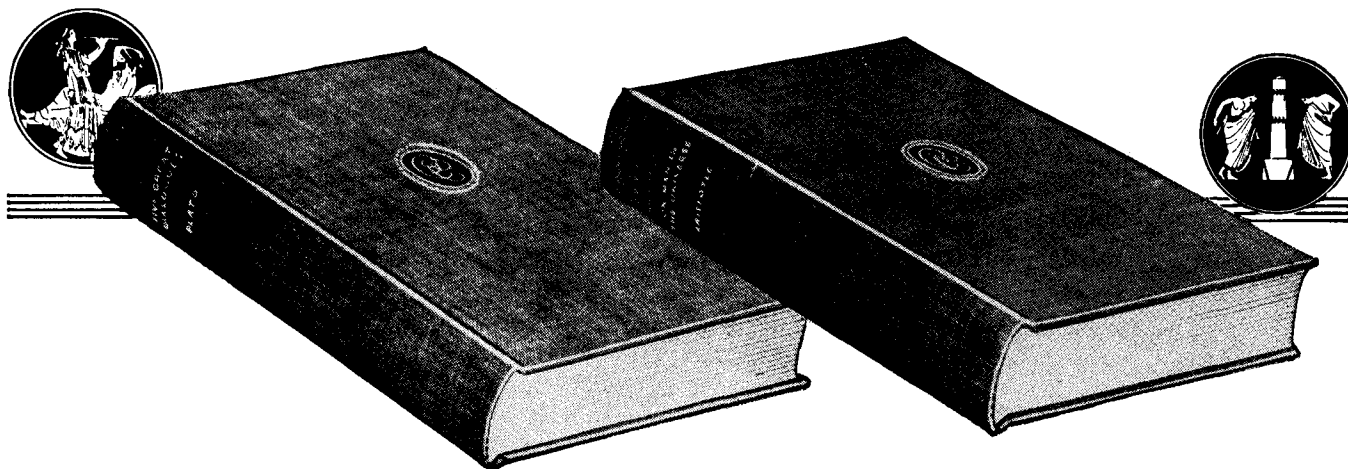
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EIGHTEEN months ago President Eisenhower and Soviet Defense Minister Georgi Zhukov talked together in Geneva for two hours. In this talk the President is said to have made it clear that the United States was prepared to re-examine the Western defense structure in an effort to meet Soviet fears for Russian security, provided the Kremlin was prepared to come to an agreement on German reunification.

But, as became plain four months later at the Big Four Foreign Ministers Conference, the Russians decided to stand pat on a divided Germany and a divided Europe. The best American guess was that the Soviets wanted time to reorganize their own affairs, both at home and throughout the Communist orbit, in part with the hope of someday winning over all of Germany. Just what effect Eisenhower's assurances, public and private, that the United States had no aggressive intentions had on that Soviet decision remains unknown.

The standpat Kremlin posture and the general relaxation of international tensions after the meeting at the summit at first worked to Soviet advantage. New friends were recruited in Asia; the Egyptian arms deal brought Russia into the Middle East; there were overtures from Moscow toward a united front in Western Europe with the non-Communist left. But the downgrading of Stalin released opposition to Communism both at home and in the East European satellites to a degree which has certainly shocked the Kremlin. Poland under Gomulka wrested an impressive share of national freedom, even to the extent of a concordat with the Catholic Church. Hungary erupted into open rebellion far beyond the expectations of either East or West.

Opposition inside Russia

In the Soviet Union itself there is a great ferment. In mid-December a Soviet Lithuanian Communist leader unwittingly expressed the depth of the ferment when he said that "provocative rumors" after the Hungarian rebellion "sometimes influence certain representatives of the intelligentsia and students who are unable to think critically. These

people begin to inflate shortcomings and mistakes which occurred in our work while forgetting about the great achievements of the workers."

In this atmosphere of uncertainty the United States has been examining the Western defense structure to see how an agreement might be found with the Kremlin. Eighteen months ago Zhukov told the President not to hurry the Soviet Union, that it would take time to reach detailed agreements. In retrospect, this may have been part of a stall. At any rate, the events in Poland and Hungary and their reverberations within the Soviet Union made imperative a new American and Western evaluation of the basic East-West disagreement.

There has been much talk emanating from Washington these past weeks on the possible withdrawal of American forces from Germany in exchange for a Soviet equivalent from the satellites; talk of new American plans for arms limitation and control, including offers of moratoriums on hydrogen bomb testing and ballistic missile development.

The compulsions toward seeking an agreement grew increasingly as the Hungarian rebellion went on and on. The unprecedented proposal by the Swiss government for a summit meeting of the American, Russian, British, French, and Indian heads of government sprang from jitters over Soviet troop movements in early November. West Germany, as was made manifest by Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano at the meeting of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization Council in Paris, has been greatly alarmed that rebellion would burst forth in East Germany and that West Germany could not escape involvement.

There has been a wide body of official opinion both in Washington and in the Western European capitals which feels that the Soviets can not and will not permit the loss from Communism of any satellite nation. No nation, once Communist, has ever escaped to freedom as a nation. Titoism, national Communism, yes, but not freedom even on the neutral Austrian or Finnish model. That is a line which Marxist dogma teaches cannot be crossed.

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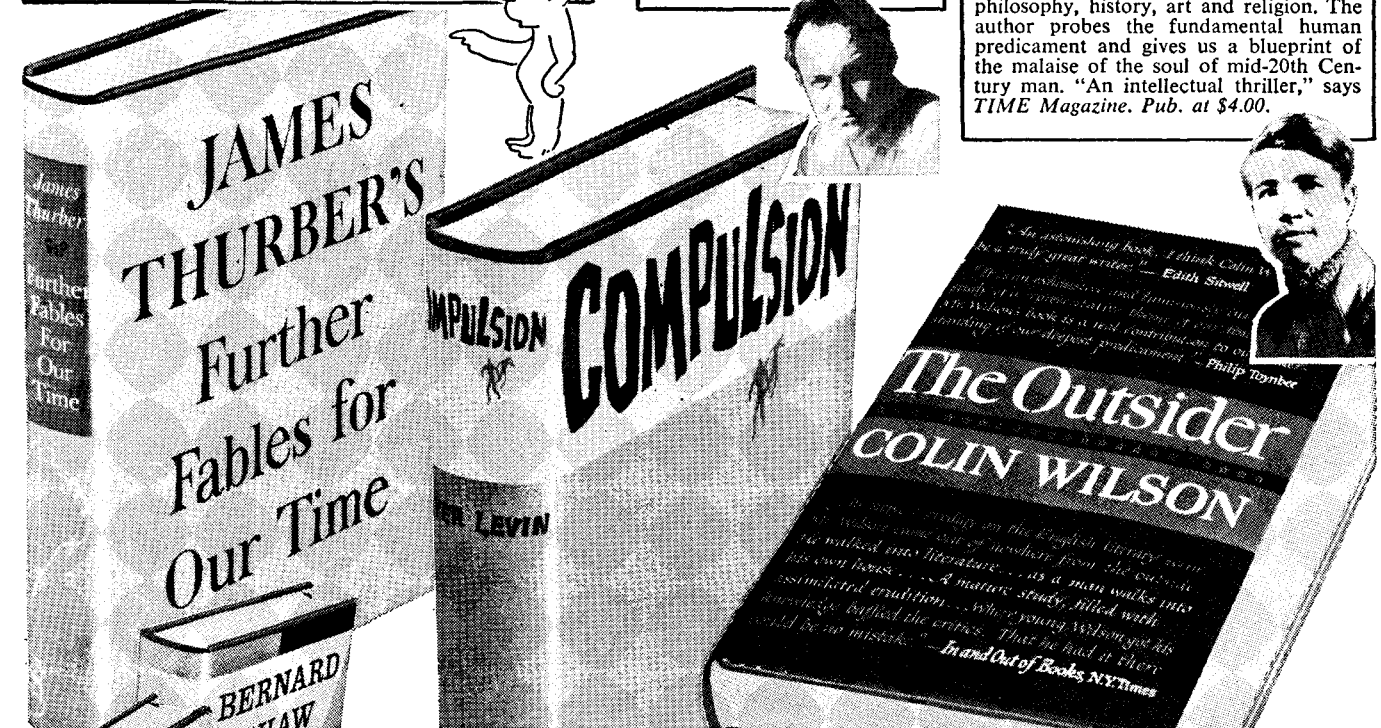
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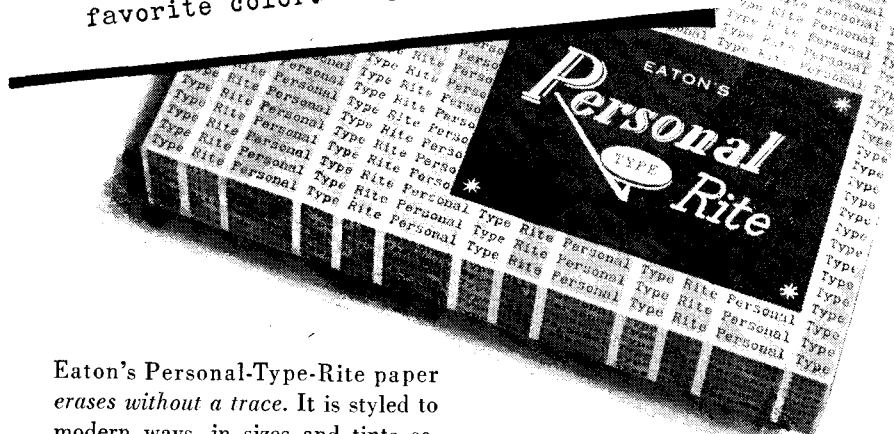
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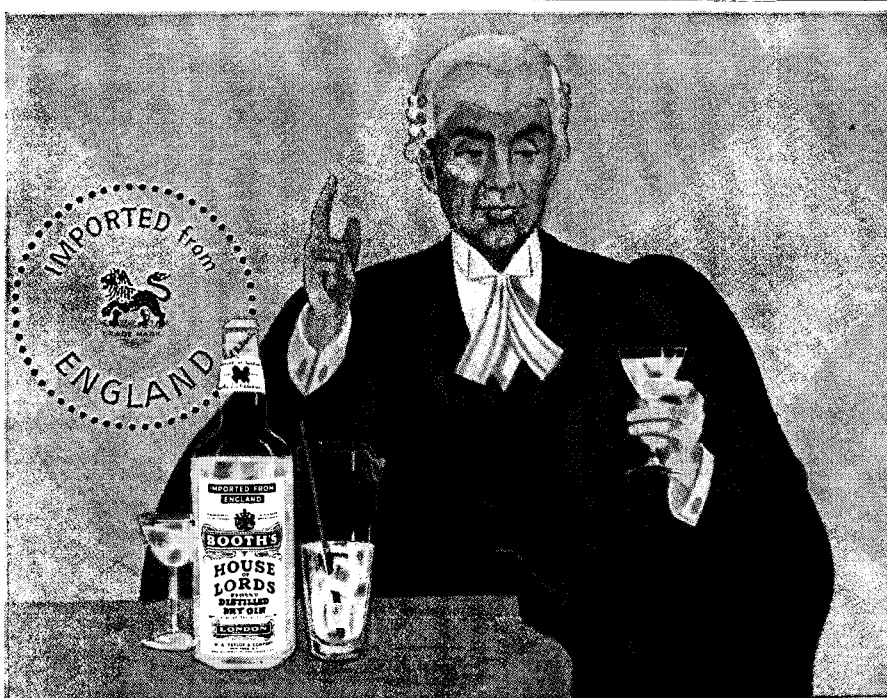
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Furthermore, as unrest and rebellion have continued in the satellites with reverberations in the Soviet Union, Washington has been uncertain as to the right moment to make an offer. Official leaks on arms control proposals were designed to show that America was willing to talk, as it will this winter in the new round of meetings of the United Nations subcommittee on disarmament. But there have been firm statements that West Germany must remain in NATO, that a reunified Germany must be free to join NATO if it wishes, that "under present circumstances" the United States has no intention of offering a German withdrawal in exchange for a satellite withdrawal.

Timing is, of course, a key factor in diplomacy. No troop withdrawal offer is likely to be made until there is some clarification of the future of Soviet forces in the satellites under the Warsaw Pact — and until West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer and America's other European allies have agreed on some common plan. Yet the problem is not to let the moment of opportunity pass. And many officials within the Administration have felt that the Hungarian rebellion offered a first such moment of opportunity.

The price of Soviet withdrawal

Troop withdrawal, which to so many Europeans has overtones of an American return to isolationism, however absurd that may seem here at home, must also be related to both arms control and political settlements. The Administration's hope is that these problems might be wrapped up into a single package, although the immensity of such a settlement staggers those who are struggling with the infinite details of the fragments alone.

A European political settlement which would take the Red Army back to its own frontiers is the aim of American policy. American officials know, of course, that the United States and its allies must pay a price for such a major Soviet move, if indeed it can be obtained at any Western price. But they also tend to feel that the Soviet demands in exchange may be altered by force of circumstance, by the necessity of some solution of the satellite problem and the Russians' reaction to it.

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The new Congress can be expected to make considerable noise on foreign policy, but only the Administration can really make positive policy. This applies not only to an East-West settlement but also to the foreign aid issue.

The Western European economic pinch because of the closing of the Suez Canal led the President and Dulles to the conclusion that additional American financial help for Western Europe, especially for Britain and to a lesser degree for France and perhaps Italy, would be necessary. Both the International Monetary Fund and the American Export-Import Bank were quickly employed to shore up the pound. But talk of grant aid, even though it had not hardened into any firm Administration policy, drew quick disapproval from Treasury Secretary George M. Humphrey. The Secretary has a way of guarding the Treasury doors which was most effective in the first Eisenhower term and there is no reason to believe he will change his ways.

What Herter brings to State

The problem of foreign aid, not just for Europe but in the long run, for the Middle East, Asia, Africa, and Latin America, is more often a matter of attitude than of amount. The \$3.7 billion which has been voted by Congress for the current fiscal year and the approximately \$4 billion which is being requested for the new year beginning on July 1 will be ample, in the judgment of many in Washington who call themselves liberals in this field, provided: 1) that the executive has enough flexibility in the use of money to shift it from one nation or area to another to meet unforeseen needs; and 2) that the Congress does not tack the American flag on every dollar.

As the new year began and retiring Massachusetts Governor Christian Herter prepared to take over on February 1 as Under Secretary of

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State, there was a revived hope in the Administration of a better deal on these points from Congress. Herter's predecessor, Herbert Hoover, Jr., could hardly have had worse congressional relations. Herter, on the other hand, is a ten-year House member with a reputation of such distinction that his nomination to the Under Secretaryship brought public praise from the liberal and conservative wings of both parties. This does not mean he has merely to ask to receive. But it should mean that what he says and what he asks will be given the kind of serious consideration Hoover never was accorded.

Herter can operate, however, only within the framework set by the President. This in turn will probably depend on the strength of Eisenhower's conviction of the increasing importance of the economic field in foreign policy. As to the Congress, what Congress votes is generally determined by the nature of the international crisis at the time of voting. President Eisenhower's request for congressional sanction to allow the United States to move against Soviet aggression in the Middle East got a mixed reaction from Congress. How effective the warning will be against infiltration is the big question.

Nehru's visit

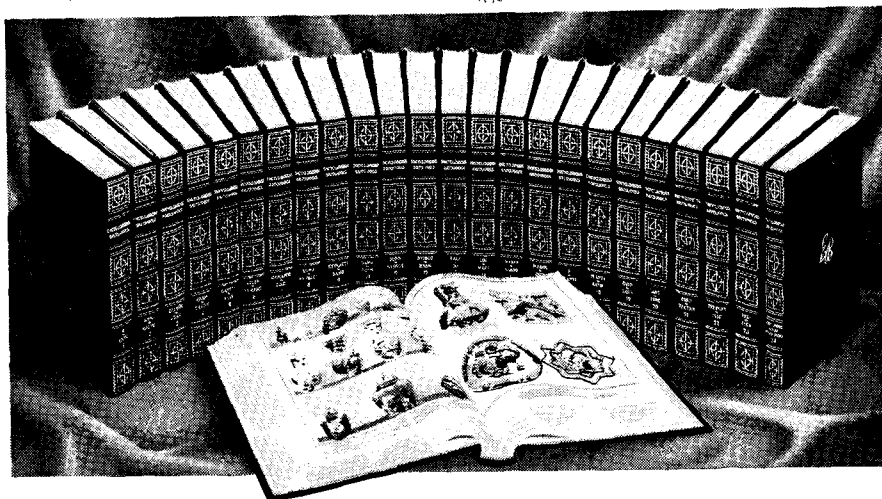
The Washington visit of Indian Prime Minister Nehru just before Christmas was a fascinating exercise in personal diplomacy by the heads of the world's two largest democracies. It probably will not be until their respective memoirs are published that the full story will be known. But Nehru himself revealed enough of the interplay of their personalities to demonstrate the value of the meeting.

The professional diplomats take a dim view of such personal diplomacy, claiming with good reason that at such meetings the top men agree on a lot of generalizations which the diplomats then must struggle with for years to implement. This probably will apply to the Eisenhower-Nehru talks, for both are generalizers and moralizers and often find it difficult to apply their principles to the specific ills of the world.

The test, in any immediate sense, of the talks will lie in the practical nature of Indo-American cooperation

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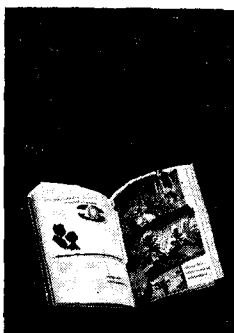
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Pablo Casals is coming home —to Puerto Rico

THIS SIMPLE ROOM is in his mother's home at Mayaguez. The first concert Casals ever gave in Puerto Rico was from the balcony of this house last year—just beyond that fanlight.

While his mother's kinsmen listened from the street, Casals played her lullaby, smoked his pipe and wept.

The back of that armchair bears an inscription in Casals' own handwriting. "Este es mi sillón." This is my rocking chair.

Here are gentle thoughts from the world's greatest cellist—on Puerto Rico, the sea and himself:

"The first time I was aware that I was alive, I heard the sound of the sea. Before, I would have said that the most beautiful sea was the one I had in front of my Spanish house. But now I must confess that the sea I am looking at this moment is even more beautiful."

Of his plans for the future, Pablo Casals had this to say:

"The natural thing that occurs to me, is to come back to Puerto Rico and to do for this country everything within my power. I will be back for the festival I have planned for this coming Spring."

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The Casals Festival in San Juan opens on April 22nd and will continue through May 8th. Pablo Casals will conduct or perform at each of twelve concerts.

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For further details, write Festival Casals, P. O. Box 2672, San Juan, Puerto Rico; or to 15 West 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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*Living room of the house where Casals' mother was born—in Mayaguez, ►
Puerto Rico's third largest city. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.*

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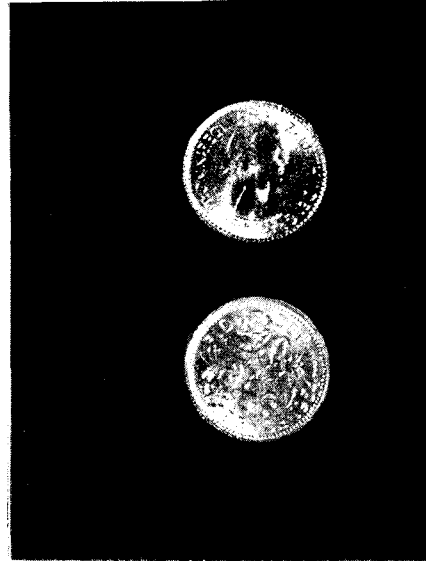
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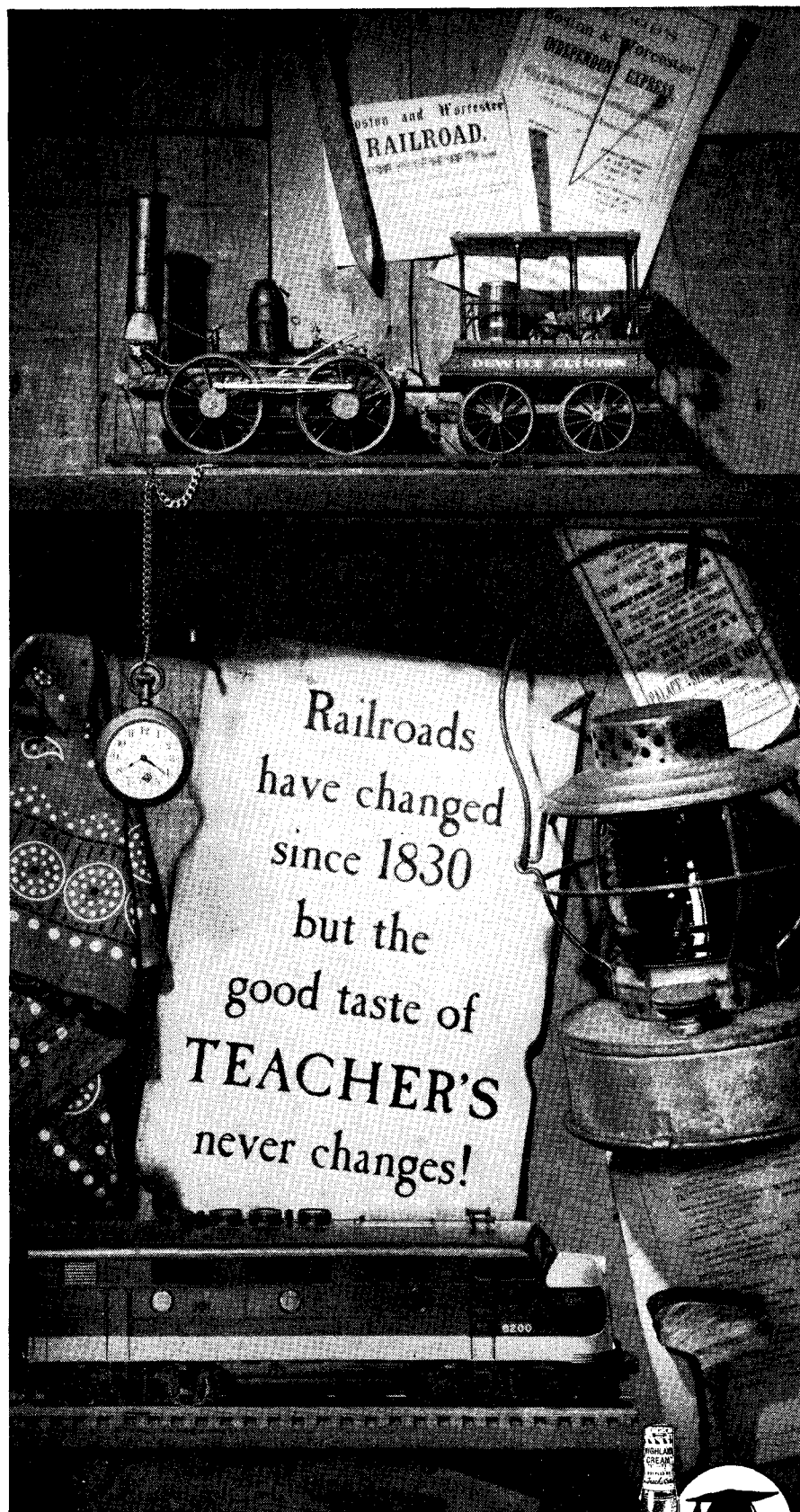
both at the United Nations and through diplomatic channels in the solution of such great problems as the Suez-Palestine issues, the Sino-American deadlock, and the eruption in Eastern Europe and the related possibility of a German settlement. None of these issues are within the sole power of the United States and India to solve, of course. But a common Indo-American policy or approach on any of them would greatly help.

Nehru's remark that he found American policy in general less rigid than he had thought was, in itself, enough to demonstrate the usefulness of his visit, even though flexibility may appear to be denied by the firm words of Administration officials on the China issue.

Nehru came away from Washington with a new understanding of the problem of arms limitation. For Nehru quite clearly was convinced that the United States' seeming preoccupation with the essentiality of an inspection and control system was not, as the Soviets so often contend, a dodge to avoid agreement but a vital necessity in keeping the peace. In all his public appearances in the Capital, Nehru was at his most charming. His radio-television remarks about the United States amounted to the most lavish praise he has ever given this nation. His handling of searching, even unfriendly, press conference questions was superb.

Democratic nations are, in a sense, the sum of the individuals which compose them. But they also must have leadership and guidance by men whose eyes can see the far horizon as well as the problems on the desk of today. That both Eisenhower and Nehru too often are peering at the far horizon and forgetting the immediate may seem to many undeniable; but national policies are shaped by a country's concept of that horizon.

At this moment in history, no other two men exercise so vast an influence on the minds of men, not only in their own great nations but far beyond their borders. The value of the Eisenhower-Nehru talks thus lies in the understanding each has gained of the other and of the other's country — an understanding which, given time, cannot escape affecting the course of history.



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Cyprus

CYPRUS is still a battleground. Shootings and explosions during November killed more men than in any previous month, and streets in Nicosia and the well-kept country roads are more treacherous than ever for unwary Englishmen. An intended "six months mop-up," begun a year and a half ago, has now become a dreary war of nerves between tough Cypriote terrorists and British tommies.

Britain shares blame for the impasse with several partners. Greece, having rejected Britain's offer to cede Cyprus after World War I, now wants the island and apparently is willing to strain the bonds of Western unity to get it. Stirred by an anti-Greek revival, and apprehensive that the Turkish minority would receive scant justice under Greek domination, Turkey insists that the island remain British. Cypriotes themselves are torn.

Britain's recent strategy has been dictated solely by military considerations. Counter to the recommendations of earlier island governors, the Eden government consistently has rejected Cypriote demands for self-government. The most vociferous demands came three years ago when the British Army was still smarting over the evacuation of the Suez base. Responsible for Britain's stake in the Persian Gulf and eastern Mediterranean, the generals won out. Cypriotes seeking self-rule were slapped down emphatically.

Union with Greece?

Britain's failure on Cyprus has a long history. In 1931 the Colonial Government gave coherence to Enosis — the Cypriote movement for union with Greece — by taxing Cypriotes £70,000 to rebuild the island governor's residence in Nicosia. The original building, an antiquated wooden structure, had been burned by demonstrators moved chiefly by economic complaints. The fine, which Sir Ronald Storrs (then governor) later described as "unjustifiable, inexcusable, and unforgivable," combined with the incident to give Enosis its Boston Tea Party. From then on, politically conscious Cypriotes had a rallying point.

World War II temporarily stilled the movement as Cyprus went through a war-induced prosperity.

From 1938 to 1948 living standards improved markedly and, with economic discontent removed, Enosis on Cyprus was chiefly talk and thought, not action. Then, after the war, clergy of the autocephalous Church of Cyprus took up the cry. The movement snowballed, particularly in rural Cyprus. Without doubt the British military command has erred in judging Cypriote loyalties. By enforcing curfews of entire villages and collective fines for failure to expose terrorists, the government has solidified resistance. Each new mass punishment broadens the base of support for Enosis.

The final blow came when the government unceremoniously exiled Archbishop Makarios to the Seychelles. British authorities said that the Boston-educated prelate had participated actively in the underground and is, therefore, a murderer. The Colonial Office claims to possess documents supporting its charge. Cypriotes take the position that killing for a national cause is not murder in Cyprus in 1956 any more than it was in the American colonies in 1776, and Makarios is their patriot leader. The British, they charge, did not observe habeas corpus and due process and other tenets of Anglo-Saxon law in disposing of him.

The Cypriote Resistance

The National Organization of Cypriote Resistance, EOKA, keeps itself small, numbers probably about a hundred men, utilizes ammunition caches built up for several years, and prefers isolated assassination to mass frontal attack. Guerrillas work alone or in pairs, ambush suddenly, and expend few bullets. British ballistics experts credit less than a dozen guns with most of the shootings so far. When a guerrilla is killed or captured, one, and only one, is recruited to replace him.

By killing Cypriotes as well as Britons, the terrorists have stilled pro-British sentiment, discouraged informers, and improved their chance to escape after shootings. Rarely today do the police learn of an incident, unless a military patrol is involved, in less than half an hour. During this interval guerrillas can travel halfway across the island to escape detection. The populace is thoroughly cowed.

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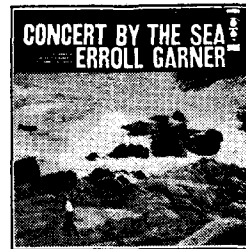
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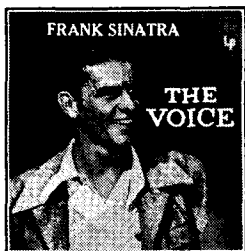
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The Turkish community alone stands up today for British rule. Largely rural and comprising 20 per cent of the island's population, Turkish Cypriotes prefer colonial status under Britain to any alternative yet advanced. As a minority, their lot under British rule has been good. Those who leave farming find favored employment in the island police force or other "sensitive" occupations. Under Greece they probably would not do so well. Nor would their lot improve should a Greek Cypriote majority dominate a lawmaking assembly.

A by-product of the deadlock has been dissension among NATO members. Convinced that Cyprus's role must be that of a British-run police station and listening post in the eastern Mediterranean, Eden's government has to date proved obstinate. Clamor in Greece is rising, to the frequent embarrassment of the Karamanlis government. Turkey too is restive. Suspicious of Greece and convinced that chaos would accompany Greek rule of the island, the Turks want Britain to stay. As the island's closest neighbor, as proprietor

before 1878 and ancestor of 20 per cent of its populace, Turkey claims a vote in the decision.

Overworked soil

Part of Cyprus's troubles are economic. Poverty is widespread and urban unemployment can rise sharply in the foreseeable future. The fundamental economic problem is that of a rapidly expanding population (almost 2 per cent yearly) within a limited land area — at a time when all available land is under cultivation. Half the island's population is rural and dependent upon farming for a living. Today there is about an acre and a half of cultivable land per Cypriote — less than what the UN estimates to be the minimum to sustain a Western living standard. Worse still, the land is spread among the 60,000 farmers in parcels averaging 12½ plots per farmer. Each farmer's 15 acres are divided, therefore, into more than a dozen small tracts. Half of his workday is spent traveling, on foot or by donkey or oxcart, between his dispersed holdings.

The typical farmer still raises wheat or animals (usually goats),

seldom a combination of the two. Throughout the island, farmers grow cereal crops in two-field rotation. Half the land lies fallow each year. The land which each farmer harvests produces 7 to 10 bushels of grain per acre, resulting in an annual income just over \$200.

Under these circumstances the Cypriote merely grips the rails of his downward slide and shouts against British rule. He has no surplus capital to invest in improving production on his already overworked soil; his income is too low for him to be a substantial purchaser of goods from factories in Nicosia or Famagusta; his only escape is to send his sons and daughters to work in the city. About 3000 Cypriotes leave the island each year — most go to England — but to date city jobs have absorbed most of the surplus rural populace.

Limited industrial plant

Urban employment has grown during the past two decades. Today there are over 13,000 industrial establishments employing 50,000 people — a third of the island's labor force. Despite recent expansion, most industrial plants on Cyprus remain small (fewer than ten employees), are family owned and operated, and devote themselves to making food products, textiles, clothing, shoes, automobile repairs, beverages, or building construction. Investment is low, production inefficient; and in view of the low purchasing power in rural Cyprus, the island's industrial plant probably cannot expand much further.

Mining is the island's sole industrial enterprise in the proper sense. In 1905, Seeley Mudd, a Los Angeles mining engineer, set out to resuscitate copper mines near Morphou Bay which had produced copper in the third millennium B.C. Mr. Mudd's firm, the Cyprus Mines Corporation, still operates. Other mining concerns produce copper, asbestos, and chrome ore and ship their products to Europe and the United Kingdom. Together the mining companies employ over 6000 workers, produce ore and concentrates worth \$30 million yearly, and pay tax royalties to the Crown Colony of almost \$10 million each year — a third of the island's budget for government.

In addition to mining tax royalties, British military expenditures have,

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The success of this first program led to establishment of others for science and mathematics teachers. In the summer of 1957 a total of 300 teachers from 38 states will be attending six such programs, financed by the General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund: in physics and chemistry, at Union College and Syracuse University; in physics at Case Institute of Technology; in mathematics at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Purdue University and Stanford University.

The objectives of these programs are twofold: to allow the teachers to bring themselves up to date in the rapidly changing subjects which they teach; and to let them bring to their pupils firsthand testimony on the practical applications in industry of the fundamentals of their subjects. The second ob-

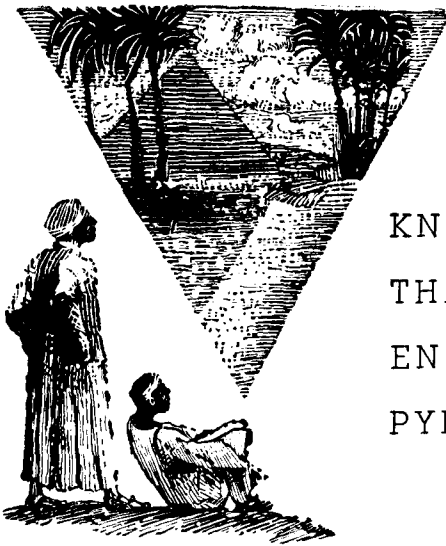
jective may be the more important, for children are motivated to pursue energetically those studies for which they can see more practical use. Also, the teachers report that they now understand more clearly how our industrial system works. So, although the academic work is directed by the college faculties, a vital ingredient has become active participation by General Electric personnel.

It is hard to measure anything so intangible as teaching results. By now, a total of 1,600 teachers have held these General Electric Fellowships. If, as a result of their summer experience, their teaching has improved, this improvement has had a chance to rub off on an estimated 750,000 pupils who have attended their classes. And every year the number increases by arithmetical progression.

We have been pleased to see, during the past few years, establishment of a growing number of programs designed to help and encourage teachers, backed by a number of companies and foundations. Even more significant than their very substantial contribution to education is the evidence they give of widespread interest and participation in what must be one of America's chief concerns. When industry looks for ways to help education, it seems clear that the greatest results can be obtained through those programs that have a "multiplication factor" built in. And the key person is, in our opinion, the teacher.

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in recent years, transferred sums ranging from \$15 million to \$30 million each year to the island. Spent on base construction, civilian employment, and soldier pay, this money has employed some 12,000 Cypriotes and provided residual income for many more.

Until the recent disturbances discouraged travel to Cyprus, tourism earned almost \$6 million yearly for the island. Well-equipped with hotels, mountain scenery, and a balmy climate, Cyprus offered an inexpensive sojourn to Europeans, Egyptians, and eastern-shore Levantines. Its monuments and ruins, while unspectacular compared with those in Athens, Baalbek, and Jerusalem, give a cross-sectional view of history from neolithic times to the nineteenth century. Today the only tourists who brave Cyprus are young Israelis who come over for civil marriages — prohibited at home by Israel's rabbinate.

The total capital transfers to Cyprus of \$40 million to \$50 million annually (which divide out into \$80 to \$100 per Cypriote) have gone, as government money, into road building, a power grid, and the like — and, as private funds, into a series of investments, mostly apartment houses in the six district towns. Investment has been high, unemployment virtually nonexistent, per capita incomes — more than \$300 a year — good on Middle Eastern standards.

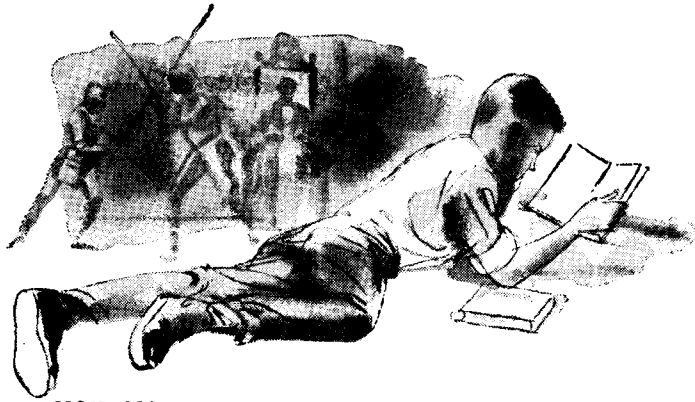
New money needed

Despite the impressive statistics, the Cyprus economy seems extremely fragile. Copper ore reserves are dwindling rapidly. Unless new mines are found and developed, the island's income from this source (which has paid for most of the recent public investments) will dwindle markedly within a decade. Present plans call for military construction to slacken in the near future. Soldier pay alone cannot keep the balloon aloft.

What is the solution? Cyprus obviously must remain a pro-Western bastion in the Middle East. The island's 8000 card-carrying Communists, working chiefly through trade unions, cannot fail to capitalize on continuing tension. Faced with this threat, it behooves the Atlantic Alliance to advance the good will and capital necessary for understanding. Who will make the concessions?

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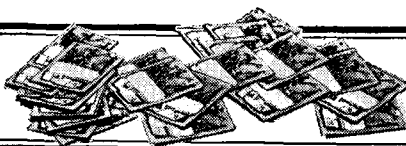
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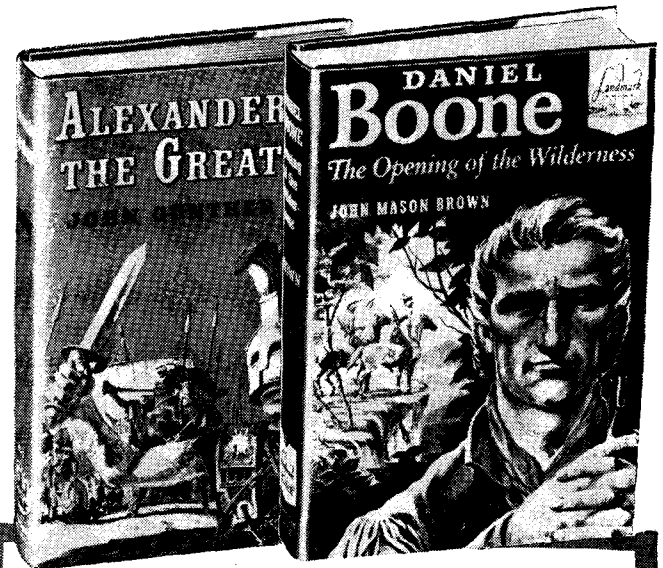
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Britain is hardly in position, once copper revenues fall and base construction levels off, to promote economic development by transferring capital to Cyprus at the rate of \$40 million to \$50 million yearly. To support the island's growing population and really develop its capital plant will require resources beyond Britain's present capacity. And many Cypriote merchants and building owners nurse cynical hopes that an American aid program eventually will replace Britain's modest disbursements.

Aware of Cyprus's dependence on the West, Cypriote businessmen admit privately their misgivings about the demands for transfer of the island to Greece. Since the war, many have traveled in Greece and the Greek islands, compared living standards, and watched the Greeks at work as bureaucrats — an unimpressive sight. None has illusions about Greece's capacity to support economic development in Cyprus, and few want Cyprus to become another Crete.

One solution would be establishment of a NATO trusteeship, with an election scheduled five to eight years hence to decide the island's destiny. For military reasons a UN trusteeship would be unacceptable to Britain. Supporters of a NATO plan feel that it alone offers the West a chance peacefully to control the island's defense, internal security, and foreign affairs. All concerned could save face, and the aims of the Atlantic Alliance in the Middle East could still be served from Cyprus.

This arrangement might well placate Greece and release the Karamanlis government from the embarrassing need to bring Cyprus into virtually every discussion of foreign and internal policy. As a NATO partner Greece could participate in rule of Cyprus, and the tiny island could be removed as a wedge in Greek-Turkish relations, the Balkan Pact, and the Atlantic Alliance.

Such a plan also might permit launching a larger scheme for economic development than seems practicable under British rule. While there is no guarantee that the plan would work, it clearly is in the interests of the NATO partners to try. If they were successful, Cyprus could well prove a test run for the broader powers envisioned for NATO.

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Little Anna dreams of that far-off day when she will live in a real house—play in her own garden—have enough to eat and wear.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Moby-Dick

SIR:

In his article "Ishmael and Ahab" (November *Atlantic*), Professor Alfred Kazin has shown me how much of Melville's transcendent labors I missed during my first reading of *Moby-Dick*.

But in his illuminating analysis of the deeper thought in the novel, he errs in his observation that Ahab "disturbs the crew's sleep as he stomps along on his wooden leg." Ahab's leg was made of ivory, having been "fashioned from the polished bone of the sperm whale's jaw." At his first glimpse of Ahab in Chapter 28, Ishmael is struck by the captain's "grim aspect" owing largely to his "barbaric white leg." Chapter 106, entitled "Ahab's Leg," points out the shortcomings of a whalebone artificial limb.

RON McCANDLISH, YN2, U.S. Navy
Guantanamo Bay, Cuba

SIR:

While I enjoyed Alfred Kazin's discussion of *Moby-Dick* and agree for the most part with his analysis, I should like to suggest one point which I think demands correction.

Mr. Kazin remarks: "In all these scenes there is an ecstasy in horror, the horror of nature in itself, nature 'pure,' without God or man: the void. It is symbolized by the whiteness of the whale, the whiteness that is not so much a color as the absence of color."

Whiteness — quite contrary to this statement — is actually the combined presence of *all* colors, while black is the absence of color. It seems likely that Melville himself was aware of the invisible unity symbolized by

whiteness in the words from the novel which Mr. Kazin uses to lend dubious support to his own argument: —

"Is it that by its indefiniteness it shadows forth the heartless voids and immensities of the universe, and thus stabs us from behind with the thought of annihilation, when beholding the white depths of the milky way?"

Note Melville's use of the word "indefiniteness." There is something much too definite about the complete absence of color proposed by Mr. Kazin; something more to the purpose in the hidden presence of multiple shades of light, especially in a universe "suddenly emptied of God."

ROBLEY C. WILSON, JR.
Brunswick, Me.

I Personally —

SIR:

I have just read the "Christmas Poem" of e. e. cummings (December *Atlantic*). I am a bit shocked that the *Atlantic* should spell his name with capital letters, which is a sign of lack of regard for literary tradition.

It is a really wonderful poem, but I think it would be even more beautiful, as well as easier to understand, if you would just take the final words of each line. Or if you think Mr. Cummings would object, call it a poem by me, and send the check to him. Just see: —

This night eyes appetite appease
Kneel whole paradise
Universe star shall questioning
smile
Sings

I don't want to boast, but honestly, I believe that is as fine a poem as mister e. e. cummings ever wrote;

and it didn't take me more than five minutes.

UPTON SINCLAIR
Monrovia, Calif.

SIR:

I read with much interest and pleasure Thomas P. Curtis's account of the 1896 Olympics, "High Hurdles and White Gloves," in the December *Atlantic*, but was surprised to find no mention of James B. Connolly, the well-known author, a Bostonian member of the United States team and the first Gold Medal winner in the modern games.

JOHN B. DONAHUE
New Haven, Conn.

SIR:

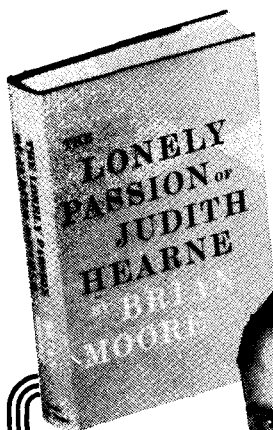
I have just finished reading the "harrowing story" entitled "Better for the Birds" by Richard Churchill in the December *Accent on Living*.

I can readily understand why "Mr. Churchill" did not wish to be identified. I'm sure it was not out of fear of embarrassing his friend but rather to avoid being sued for libel.

This is one of several articles on flying which have appeared in your magazine, and those that I have read seem to follow a pattern that is uncomplimentary to private flying.

I would think a magazine of your stature would have a research department go over such articles before you print them! There were several glaring misstatements in "Mr. Churchill's" article, a couple of which I wish to call to your attention: —

1. It is impossible to obtain a pilot's certificate unless one has had ten hours of cross-country flying Consult Civil Air Regulations, Par



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20, subparagraph 20.25 (a) (1). "Mr. Churchill" said his pilot had not had cross-country experience.

2. An airplane engine does not cough when the airplane is put into a climbing altitude by pulling back on the elevators. "Mr. Churchill" said the engine coughed and sputtered when he climbed the airplane without gunning the engine.

3. Runway 26 means the runway with a general direction of 260 degrees, or almost due west, not south-east.

I know I can find several pilots who will be glad to contribute to a fund to buy "Mr. Churchill's" horse and buggy as we're sure they're not here to stay!

JOHN JOSEPH BOHNEN
Hinsdale, Ill.

"Mixed Schools and Mixed Blood"

SIR:

However right or wrong Herbert Ravenel Sass ("Mixed Schools and Mixed Blood," November *Atlantic*) is in his premise that mixing children in schoolroom proximity automatically results in the mixing of bloods, it is a fact that many white Southerners are obsessed with the sexual aspects of desegregation in their public schools. May I suggest for your readers' consideration a proposal that could possibly help this highly charged situation? The two suggestions below are not separate, but are integral parts of a whole:—

1. Now, in 1957, for those schools which have not yet integrated, no broad integration is to be demanded, except in the kindergarten and first grade. But *these* specific children are to remain integrated whatever their skin color as they continue to advance through to high-school graduation and into college.

One advantage of this starting only with kindergarten and first-grade enrollment is that the present scholastic standard of white classes in grammar and high school would not be lowered by an influx of today's more poorly educated Negro children.

2. But this integration of the races need not include integration of the sexes. Because sexual familiarity is so feared, irrationally or not, these same children would become separated according to sex—not color—when they reach the end of the eighth grade, which is the beginning of adolescence. Such a system of the division of the sexes is one which most Roman Catholic parochial schools employ.

JAMES HEERMANCE
New Rochelle, N. Y.

SIR:

I know you concluded the provocative discussion between Herbert Ravenel Sass and Oscar Handlin on school desegregation in the November issue, and I am pleased to see the case rest on the record you have published. But there is one reference I think should be added. It was written by Hammerstein and Rodgers in their musical play *South Pacific*. It was recalled to me when I read the following portion of Mr. Sass's article:—

"For the elementary public school is the most critical of those areas of activity where the South must and will at all costs maintain separateness of the races. The South must do this because, although it is a nearly universal instinct, race preference is not active in the very young. Race preference . . . is one of those instincts which develop gradually as the mind develops and which, if taken in hand early enough, can be prevented from developing at all."

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What has to be done to correct this "weakness" in the young is given specification by the lieutenant of *South Pacific* when he sings that "you've got to be taught to be afraid" of "people whose skin is a different shade."

THEODORE W. KHEEL, *President*
National Urban League
New York City

SIR:

It all boils down to the same old tired bromide: "You Northerners don't know the Problem we Southerners have down here." Maybe so, Mr. Sass, but I'd rather have yours than the Negro's.

JOHN P. CAHILL, JR.
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

On what does the white Southerner base his complacent belief in his racial superiority? The only excellence the Caucasian race can claim is in economic attainments, which just proves superior aggressiveness, acquisitiveness, and ambition — none of which is an admirable trait.

The pious mouthings of people like Mr. Sass are more exasperating than the rantings of ignorant fanatics.

Incidentally, I am a member of the Caucasian race (and Southern-born) — and while I am doing nothing to hasten racial amalgamation, neither am I propagating this "superior" race. Frankly, I don't think that much of it.

E. L. CRUMPTON
Houston, Tex.

Wilde Letters

SIR:

With the approval and help of Mr. Vyvyan Holland I have taken over the editorship of the collected edition of the Letters of Oscar Wilde, which was begun by the late Allan Wade. I have details and photostats of most of the major collections here and in America, but there must be many more letters in private hands or public libraries of which I have not heard. Mr. Holland and I are anxious to make the edition as complete and representative as possible, and I should be most grateful if any collector or librarian who possesses Wilde letters and has not already written to Mr. Wade, Mr. Holland, or myself would get in touch with me.

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Professor of Government and member of the Executive Committee of the Russian Research Center at Harvard, MERLE FAINSOD has long been a student of Russian society. He is the author of How Russia Is Ruled (1953), a comprehensive study of Soviet governmental structure. Last fall he made his first trip to Russia since his initial sojourn there in 1932-1933, and as he speaks Russian it was natural that he should spend most of his time talking with university students and professors. His article is based on extracts from his journal.

WHAT RUSSIAN STUDENTS THINK

by MERLE FAINSOD

L^{ENINGRAD.} I arrived in Leningrad half an hour after midnight. The journey from Helsinki, about three hundred miles, had taken more than fourteen hours. I was assigned a room at the Astoria. The next morning I toured the city with a very pleasant Intourist guide in a chauffeur-driven ZIM. The guide, a graduate of the Foreign Language Institute of Leningrad University, who had specialized in Swedish, understood English but hardly spoke it. We spoke Russian. She told me that she was born in Leningrad, and was obviously very fond of her native city. She gave the impression of being a cultivated young woman who went out of her way to be pleasant and agreeable.

My first impressions of the city: the center not much changed after twenty-three years; if anything, more dilapidated and run-down. But there are many new outlying districts and at least on one street, Leningrad Chaussée, many new large apartment buildings going up. In general, very little evidence of war damage. This largely repaired. But new construction and renovation of poor quality. The outside of the houses, even the recently constructed ones, already peeling. Housing very tight. The legal norm per person nine square meters, but in practice, I am told, this norm still far from realized. On the other hand, the main streets and sidewalks spotlessly clean in contrast with what I remembered from my earlier visit.

The old people look beaten, their faces lined and sad, but this is hardly surprising when one reflects on what Leningrad has had to endure. The younger generation, and children particularly, look much more vigorous. Indeed, the young seem to walk more rapidly and purposefully in comparison with two decades ago. The industrial discipline seems to have taken hold. Clothes in general are nondescript, except uniforms of the military and the police, who are numerous and look well dressed and well groomed. One quickly senses the attractions of a military career in this society.

I had hardly stepped out of my hotel when I was accosted by a young man almost immediately recognizable as a speculator type. He wanted to buy some clothes from me. I said I had none to sell, but I also added that I understood it was illegal. He replied, "But everybody does it." I still said no. Then he left, looking at me queerly.

Near Dom Knigi (the House of Books) I was stopped by two young students at the Radio-Technical Institute. They were studying English and wanted to practice it. They asked my impressions of Leningrad. They were disappointed to find that I was not an engineer, and they parted abruptly from me when I told them that I was a professor of government. Shortly afterward I was again picked up by two students and had a much longer conversation with them. They, too, wanted to practice English. They told me that they were students of

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journalism at Leningrad University. They were intensely curious about the outside world. They reported that they felt much freer since the death of Stalin, that they had a short-wave radio set and listened to BBC, and that they especially liked its objective tone. It reported the news, news which they could not get inside the Soviet Union, without any editorializing or propaganda. They described the Voice of America as very uneven. It was sometimes good and sometimes overloaded with propaganda. They referred to the jamming of the Voice and said it was harder to hear than BBC. Their impression of Radio Liberation was wholly negative. They denounced it for what they called its cursing tone.

They said they wanted very much to visit America. They seemed to think that our State Department stood in the way. On this score it was obvious that *Pravda's* campaign against the American regulation requiring foreign visitors to be fingerprinted had made its impact. They repeated the official line that Russians consider fingerprinting shameful. In general they were very curious about the world abroad, full of questions about America, and did not challenge what I told them about the United States, even when it directly contradicted much of what they heard through their own media of communication.

They seemed friendly and eager for contact, and when we parted their last words, in rather broken English, were: "Long live U.S.-Soviet friendship!" In the course of our conversation I happened to mention that nine million cars had been produced in the United States in 1955 and that I for one wished fewer had been produced, because it was becoming almost impossible to drive, too dangerous to cross the street. One of the journalism students replied, "I wish that we could run such dangers."

During the afternoon I visited the Metro and went shopping in the bookstores. There was almost a violent contrast between the beauty of the Metro and the drab clothes of the riders. One could not help being impressed by the Metro as a remarkable technical achievement.

The bookstores seemed to be jammed with technical books. It was striking to note the great demand for them, in contrast with the relatively sparse groups gathered at the showcases displaying political literature. One catches a glimpse here of the technical dynamism running through Soviet society.

In the evening after a late dinner I went for a walk and was promptly accosted by a young man and his girl. The young man identified himself as a "jazz lover." We had a long talk. The boy was a student at the Polytechnic Institute and full of admiration for the United States. He had seen pictures of New York in the movies and observed that it must be the most modern and wonderful city in the world. He was very much interested in Ameri-

can cars and insisted on hearing from me about the prices of all of the different makes (the prices, of course, seem ridiculously cheap when translated into rubles at the official rate). But he also made clear that his great love was jazz. He listened whenever he could to the Voice jazz broadcasts.

He thought that Armstrong was tops and rattled off a list of names of jazz bands in America of which I had never heard. He said there was a thriving black market in Leningrad in American jazz records. Apparently the young students at the Technical Institute manage to get discarded X-ray plates on which they record the jazz they hear on the Voice. These records, according to my informant, command a fabulous price and are tremendously in demand. He kept commenting on the drabness of life in Leningrad. What all his friends liked about jazz was that it was happy music. He thought the United States was a wonderful country where everybody was happy and dancing to jazz music all the time.

2

THE following day I was taken on a two-hour tour of the Leningrad Public Library, shown the rare book collection, the stacks, and the reading rooms. On the way I noticed numerous English books, including Finley's *Thucydides*, a book of Gottschalk's, and many others. Kelsen on the theory of law and a copy of the *American Political Science Review* were on display in locked cases in the hall leading to the reading room. In the course of the tour, I passed the office of the *spetsotdel*, or Special Section. The door was closed and I made no comment, but it was interesting to note that the police still had their representatives in the library.

During the evening I walked the back streets (they make an unhappy contrast with the Nevsky Prospekt) and then spent several hours at the Sad Otdykha (Park of Recreation) near the center of Leningrad. This was quite a sight. Two thousand or so youngsters dancing to fox trots, waltzes, and a Soviet form of jazz. Mostly the couples just swayed back and forth, but there was also some fancy jitterbugging, obviously modeled on American dancing, even whistling when the music seemed to call for it. Among the dancers were many girl-girl and even some boy-boy combinations.

All this was a startling contrast with twenty-three years ago, when such dancing was under an official ban and took place only with blinds drawn. Now the regime, willingly or grudgingly, tolerates it and even provides a band and an open space in the park where the young people can gather. For the most part the crowd seemed well behaved, though there were also a few drunks, some hooliganism, and at least one fist fight. The general impression was rather sad. It was as if the young people were swarming out of their rabbit warrens to get a little taste of gaiety. One seemed to feel

in the crowd a real hunger for a more joyous life, for some escape from the drabness and monotony of daily living.

While I was in Leningrad, I also visited a middle (ten-year) school on the Ulitsa Plekhanova. Under the Czars this school was known as the Third Gymnasium. It was the school where Dostoevsky and the children of Pushkin were educated, and the director in his talk with me stressed this proud tradition. I attended a number of classes, and I was both impressed and depressed by the strong discipline which seemed to regulate the life of the school.

The classes it seemed to me varied a good deal in quality, and it was evident that in the less impressive classes the teaching left much to be desired and the responsibility for the poor performance was not exclusively the students'. In the ninth-grade history class which I attended, the lecture was on economic developments and class relations during the first part of Peter the Great's reign. The presentation was made in simple Marxist categories, but I also noted that the instructor waxed especially eloquent when he talked about the advantages which accrued to Russia as a result of the opening up of relations with the West. On the whole, the students seemed serious and hard-working, but they confined themselves to parroting textbooks. At least while I was there, there was nothing which could be called free and easy discussion.

One of the teachers with whom I had a long conversation mentioned in passing that she had a son who was a student at the juridical faculty of Leningrad University and that he had been mobilized with his classmates to work on a collective farm to help gather the harvest. Classes in the law faculty, she told me, had been postponed until October 1 because of the harvest emergency. This was an especially interesting tidbit, because when I visited the law faculty and asked to sit in on a class, I was told that the students were still on vacation, although I knew that the university ordinarily opened on September 1. The professors apparently thought it just as well not to inform me that the students were out on the farms.

3

Moscow. I arrived in Moscow at 9:45 A.M. and was assigned to a too magnificent suite at the National. Went down to breakfast and met three former students in the first three minutes. Then off for tour of city. Compared with the Moscow of the early thirties the transformation is overwhelming. Then Moscow seemed more like a sprawling village. Today it looks like a world capital. Many wide boulevards and skyscrapers, with the new university dominating all. Behind the impressive façade, however, Moscow still has plenty of broken-down and ill-kept buildings. Indeed, one can see them only a half block or so from Gorki Street,

Moscow's Fifth Avenue. One has only to cross the bridge beyond Red Square into the Zamoskvarech district to encounter a slum as run-down as any in the Western world. In contrast with Leningrad, the dress of people on the streets of Moscow is much smarter. Moscow is obviously better supplied, and the shop windows, at least on Gorki Street, have a European touch. In Moscow foreigners arouse very little curiosity. There are too many of them. But I did note that the appearance of a new Chevrolet station wagon on the street, presumably Embassy-owned, attracted a great crowd of people, who were full of admiring comments.

At lunch met a journalist friend who suggested that I might be very much interested in attending a reception at the Mexican Embassy that afternoon, since it was a national holiday reception and it was customary for some of the Soviet high brass to attend. The Embassy itself was on a back street and the whole neighborhood was out in force to observe the parade of high-powered cars which brought the ambassadors and the Soviet leaders to the door. We arrived early and had an opportunity to watch the personalities gather.

The Soviet notables clustered in a room by the door and spent most of the time talking with each other and with the Mexican ambassador, who was their host. I had asked my friend to present me to any one of them whom he knew at the first good chance. At a moment when Gromyko seemed more or less alone, we went over to him and I was introduced. Gromyko took charge of the conversation. We talked — about the weather. We talked about the weather in general, the weather in Moscow, and more particularly, the weather in Washington, which Gromyko remembered as especially horrible. Gromyko then asked me about my job at the university, and this led to some general comparisons between Soviet and American universities. By this time a small group of Embassy people and newspapermen gathered around us in the hope that something interesting might develop.

Just then Pervukhin, a member of the Presidium and the senior Soviet leader present, came into the room accompanied by Tevosyan, who is a deputy chairman of the Council of Ministries, and Komarov, vice chairman of the Party Control Committee. At this point Gromyko called out to Pervukhin, "Come rescue me. I'm surrounded by Americans." He then introduced me to Pervukhin and went off to another part of the room.

Pervukhin is one of the tallest members of the Presidium group, about five feet, ten inches, very neat, studious-looking (indeed he looks rather professorial). An engineer by professional training, he gives the impression of being a businesslike, efficient administrator with little patience for humor or small talk. I explained that I was a Harvard professor revisiting the Soviet Union after an ab-

sence of twenty-three years. He asked me my subject, and I said the study of government and that the nearest equivalent for it in Russian universities was constitutional and administrative law. Tevosyan, a bright-eyed, moon-faced Armenian, asked whether the study of law was popular at Harvard. I said yes, that there were about fifteen hundred students at the Law School and that it attracted some of our best minds. Komarov then came into the conversation and said that he understood that lawyers were very important in the United States, that they practically ran the American government, wasn't that true? Not entirely, I replied, but lawyers are certainly very important in the United States. Pervukhin then interrupted to say that in the U.S.S.R. it was very different. Lawyers were much less important. The important people were engineers and scientists. The conviction with which Pervukhin spoke was an authoritative reminder of the regime's emphasis on technical and scientific education.

4

SEVERAL days later Pervukhin's words had added meaning for me when I visited Moscow University. The new buildings are occupied exclusively by the scientific and technical faculties; the old, rather run-down structures in the center of the city are considered good enough for the history, philosophy, philology, economics, and law faculties. The university is an interesting mirror of the values of Soviet life, with science and technology very much in the forefront.

In the course of our tour we were taken through the auditoriums, the gymnasium, and some student quarters, but when we expressed an interest in seeing the laboratories, we were told that they were all in use and that the students could not be disturbed. The student quarters were small but adequate by our standards, luxurious by Soviet standards. Each student was assigned a room about nine by five, which was simply but adequately furnished. There was also a bathroom — with a shower, washbasin, and toilet — which was shared by two students. This again represents luxury in terms of the ordinary amenities of Soviet life.

At the present time there are over twenty thousand students at the university, including many from China, North Korea, India, Burma, the Peoples' Republics, and even a few from France and Norway. The new buildings of the university have become the stellar attractions for all tourists in Moscow, and especially for delegations from Asia. That they make a powerful impact can hardly be doubted.

I had an interesting conversation with a young Italian who attended Moscow University for three years after the war and is now on a return visit observing language instruction in Soviet schools. He has many Soviet friends dating from his earlier stay

in Moscow, and he is now seeing them again after a break during the bleak years between 1950 and 1953. The big change which he reports is that they not only see him but talk with him in considerable freedom. Khrushchev's secret speech, he says, came as a tremendous shock to his young friends. The question to which they return again and again is: Whom shall we believe? Despite their inner doubts, which are aired to him, he finds his friends more venturesome in thought than in action. They show no great faith in the present leadership but also no disposition to challenge it.

So far as the schools are concerned, he sees tremendous emphasis on foreign languages, but, he says, as with all mass campaign efforts the quality of the available corps of instructors is very uneven and the campaign is enjoying varying degrees of success. In contrast with my impression of very strict discipline in the schools, he reports that he encountered many cases where the behavior of children was quite undisciplined and where the teachers had great difficulty in controlling their classes.

I attended one lecture at the law faculty at Moscow University. The course was on Soviet constitutional law, and the subject of the lecture was the relation between state and society. At the beginning of the lecture the docent mentioned to the class that for the first time they were entertaining a visiting professor from America. At that the students broke into enthusiastic applause, and the applause went on and on until I had to rise to acknowledge it. The lecture itself followed a very familiar orthodox line — indeed, the same lecture might well have been delivered under Stalin.

But the lecturer had some difficulty in holding the attention of the class. The trouble was my presence. There was a buzz of excitement and whispering among the more than two hundred students gathered there, and soon after the beginning of the lecture the students started passing notes up to the docent which, I later found, requested him to permit me to address the students. Shortly after that, a note was passed to me. The note, addressed "To the American professor," read: "The honored Mr. professor: will you speak to us in the break between classes? [Signed] A group of students."

When the break finally came, the docent turned to me and asked whether I would say a few words. I got up, apologized for my Russian, and said that I was grateful for the opportunity to meet with the students and faculty of Moscow University. I then expressed the hope that some of them would have a similar opportunity to attend classes in American universities and that such visits would contribute to better relations between our two countries. I said that I did not want to lecture to them but that I would be happy to try informally to answer any questions which they would like to put to me.

They then gathered around me, twelve or fifteen deep in a big circle, and started a rapid-fire volley of questions: What courses did Harvard students study? For what jobs did Harvard prepare? Were jobs assigned to students or did they have to find them for themselves? What was the tuition fee at Harvard? Were there scholarships, and, if so, what did scholarships cover? Were American students fond of sports? Did they know about Moscow University? If so, what had they been told about it? Were there women students at Harvard? Were there Negro students? Why were Negro students kept out of school in the South? Could one read Soviet publications in America? Wasn't it dangerous to read them? How did American students feel about the Suez crisis — wasn't Egypt entitled to the Canal as a sovereign state? Who would win the American election, Eisenhower or Stevenson? What was the difference between the Republican and Democratic Parties?

Running through all of the questions was a tremendous curiosity about America and life in American universities. At the same time the discussion also reflected the students' pride in their own university and in their own society. Some of the questions clearly indicated the effect of indoctrination in the inadequacies of the American way of life, especially with reference to treatment of colored people. But on the whole the discussion was not bitter. When my replies clearly contradicted the official Party line, there was no disposition to debate with me. For example, when I suggested that despite Clinton and the Texas incidents the position of the Negroes in the United States was steadily improving, they did not gainsay me but simply answered that it was about time.

5

KIEV. I went to Kiev on September 28. On my way down the main avenue I was stopped by a young man who asked for a light. This was really a pretext to begin a conversation and to practice his English. In this case my Russian was better than his English, and we gradually reverted to Russian.

The boy was studying at an engineering technicum from which he expects to graduate next year. He told me that his father was killed during the war, that his mother was on a pension, and that he lived with his mother and older married sisters. He professed to be a great admirer of America. He had read Cooper and Mark Twain; he knew about Lincoln, Washington, the tall buildings in America, American jazz, and American cars. He added that he knew that practically every American workingman had a car. He told me that he listened to the Voice of America and he wished that it spoke more of America and less of the Soviet Union. He said, "We know what we have here without the VOA telling us about it." He also said that he listened to

BBC and that he was particularly pleased to get news through these channels that he would not otherwise hear.

At the same time this youngster was also very proud of Kiev. He insisted on showing me its beauties; he said that conditions were improving and he hoped that conditions would continue to improve. He said the Soviet Union was a young country with a future, but he also added that he would love to go abroad for a visit; that while he was not very hopeful that he would have the opportunity, still, with relations with other countries improving, he thought there was some possibility he might some day make it. I tried to get him to talk about politics but without much success. He simply wasn't much interested. He dismissed Stalin with a gesture ("That's behind us"). He said Khrushchev was well thought of in Kiev, but he got off the subject fast and wanted to talk about and hear about America.

After dinner I went for another walk. About a quarter of a mile from the hotel I noticed three young men looking at me rather curiously. I thought that they wanted to speak to me but decided not to make the first move. I went on walking; they fell in behind me, and finally, about a quarter of a mile later, they made the approach. I suspect that they wanted to make sure that I was not being followed, but I cannot be certain of this. They proved to be an unusually interesting student group, particularly the leader, who did most of the talking, who was headed for law but who may well get into serious political trouble before he gets there. We started on America and it quickly became clear that the group simply did not believe their own press on the United States. They were hungry for American journals, but found it very difficult to obtain them. They did read the Yugoslav newspaper *Borba*, which, they explained, was the nearest thing to an objective account of the outside world which they had relatively readily available to them.

Though all three were Komsomols, they were critical of their own one-party system, felt there was no effective way in the Soviet Union of expressing diversity of views, and said that they simply didn't take Party ideology seriously. They said, however, that the situation had improved since Stalin's death, that at least they felt free to talk with Americans like me, though I noticed that when we were returning to my hotel they did insist that we walk on the other side of the street and they dropped me several blocks from the hotel. Khrushchev was not popular with this group; they preferred Malenkov because of his identification with the consumer goods policy, and their other "heroes" were Zhukov and Voroshilov.

They were full of questions about world affairs — the Suez Canal, the prohibition of the Communist Party in Western Germany, and the American

elections. The questions were never hostile. These students were just hungry for news; they did not believe their own press and more than anything else they wanted objective news. They pressed me to tell them what I knew about the Georgian riots. They made very clear that they were in rebellion against the official orthodoxies.

Experience with this group left me with a question which I have not found easy to resolve: was this simply youthful nonconformity, or was it symptomatic of something more deep-seated? Is the Party losing its grip over a section of youth that demands much more fundamental freedom than before and much more than the Party leadership is prepared to grant, or will these young people learn to conform as their elders have conformed before them? As we left I asked them whether they thought there might be another retreat in the direction of Stalinism. The leader of the group answered that it was not impossible but that they didn't know.

6

KHARKOV. I spent some time at the Kharkov Juridical Institute, one of the most important centers on an all-Union scale for the training of Soviet lawyers, judges, and procurators. The Institute has approximately two thousand students. I had a two-hour session with the director and a group of five professors — all Party members — representing various subjects: constitutional law, administrative law, civil law, international law. They familiarized me in general with the work of the Institute and told me that the new Ukrainian Code would be ready by the beginning of next year and that the policy on the export of law publications was easing up. But most of the conversation dealt with international affairs, relations with the United States, and their criticism of conditions in the United States.

On the whole, the attitude of the group was more aggressive than any which I had previously encountered in university circles. The group operated with a certain discipline which might well have dissolved had I met the professors individually. They spoke of American developments in *Pravda* stereotypes, and on all questions of foreign relations there was the most rigid adherence to the Party line.

In our discussion of conditions in the United States, for example, the professors asserted that they could see no difference between the Republican and Democratic Parties, that both were creatures of Wall Street, and that it was the Communist Party in the United States which alone represented the interests of the working class. They asserted that the American Communist Party was subject to Fascist oppression, and it was a general assumption among them that the American working class had no legal rights at all.

I tried patiently to explain the position of labor unions in the United States, the law on injunctions, the effect of the Smith and the McCarran Acts on the legal position of the Communist Party, and the differences between the Republican and Democratic Parties. While they listened to me, I did not really feel that I was making any impact or that there was any real meeting of minds.

On international relations we covered the usual array of questions — the recognition of Communist China, its admission into the UN, the Suez question. But again there seemed no disposition to concede anything to the American point of view. In connection with American-Soviet relations, there was the usual talk about bases and the arming of Western Germany. There was, however, an interesting moment when we were talking about the Korean War. There was no real resistance, only silence, when I said that people in the United States believed that North Korea invaded South Korea and that Stalin had given the signal for the invasion.

A hot discussion developed over the meaning of peaceful coexistence. I pointed to the passage in Khrushchev's speech, and indeed read it to them, in which he speaks of the necessity for armed revolution in certain powerful capitalist countries. I added that with us this was interpreted as meaning the United States. Their reply was the standard one outlined at the Twentieth Congress; that is, that the triumph of the working class was inevitable, that the working class expected to come to power peacefully, and that it would only embark on forceful overthrow of the government if it met armed resistance from the bourgeoisie.

I thought their reply rather halfhearted. It seemed to me that they recognized that a contradiction was involved, simply observed that I did not understand Khrushchev's statement, and let the matter rest. Although the discussion became quite heated at times, on the whole it ended on a fairly amicable note, and I was taken for a tour of the premises and the library. As we parted, the director expressed the hope that relations between our two countries would improve in the new climate after Stalin's death.

Even as he spoke and as I reflected that the ideological barrage to which I had been exposed cast a dark shadow on this prospect, I thought again of some of the students whom I had met, their friendliness, their yearning for a gayer life, their lively curiosity about the United States, and the courage with which at least one group had challenged the official orthodoxies. I remembered the words of Herzen: "At a certain moment the human intellect comes of age; and when it does, it can no longer be kept in bondage, not in the chains of censorship nor in the leading-strings of prudence." I found myself wondering whether that moment was not beginning to approach in Soviet Russia.



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ARE LIVING COSTS OUT OF CONTROL?

by JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

I

AFTER surveying the results of the election in the Farm Belt last fall, Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson concluded that his policies had been endorsed, admittedly with some reservations, by the farmers. He could have been wrong. An adverse farm vote almost certainly cost the GOP the control of the Congress. And there is a distinct possibility that farmers liked Ike for himself alone and not necessarily for his Secretary of Agriculture. But there is no doubt at all that if farm prices had been better and Mr. Benson more beloved, the Administration would have had to do some fairly serious explaining on another front. For people would have been asking very urgently what had happened to the cost of living.

In recent months, the consumer price index has reached the highest level in history — higher than during the Korean War and very much higher than when the controls came off after World War II. This high level has been the result of an upward movement which began in April of 1956 and which followed four years of seeming stability in the index. But this stability was really yet another example of how we can be misled by averages. Prices were stable only because, from 1951 on, farm prices were going down. Until last spring the 25 per cent fall in these prices was sufficient to conceal the upward movement in nearly everything else, including the costs of handling, packaging, and processing farm products themselves. Foods comprise about 30 per cent by weight of the index of consumer prices. If the underlying farm products, instead of falling, had risen as much as other things, the index would have climbed persistently. We should have had a nearly unprecedented peacetime inflation.

Early last year farm prices did level off. Soon thereafter the index began to rise. The lesson is clear. Farm prices are unlikely to fall in the future as they have in recent years; price supports will

intervene. Henceforth there will be nothing to offset the increasing prices of other things. Those who have been feeling the pinch should brace themselves. Most likely the worst is yet to come.

This — and let me stress the point — is not a prediction but only a reasonable prospect. What is certain is that we are in a very poor position to check any price increases that may occur. We shall, of course, have a massive oral attack on inflation if it continues. There will be promises of action and even promises of drastic action. There will be reassuring and, on occasion, dramatic stories about what the authorities are contemplating. All this will be in very general terms, for if the threat persists we shall discover that the present difficulty in dealing with inflation is a nearly total absence of tools. All the devices for combating inflation — at least all that work — are now under some sort of ideological ban. This isn't very cheerful, but the prospect doesn't improve on closer examination.

Prices have been rising in these last years because spending for goods has been pressing on the capacity, including available manpower, to supply them. This is the classic setting for inflation. The spending can come from three (and, apart from comparatively unimportant foreign demand, only three) sources: private consumers, private business, and the government. The active factor in the present inflation is business spending. We are now having a great boom in business investment. At the end of last year, including housing and inventories, these outlays were running at a gross rate of about \$64 billion a year. They have doubled in dollar volume since 1949; they are now seven times as great as in 1939.

This investment spending is being augmented by consumer spending from borrowed funds. Consumer credit outstanding has also more than doubled since 1949. Early last year it looked as though

the rate of increase (after a phenomenal advance in 1955) were beginning to slow down. But figures for later months seemed to suggest another large increase.

The consequences of high business investment are high employment and high personal incomes. However, consumer spending from these high incomes — that is to say, spending from other than borrowed funds — is not out of line. On the contrary, total personal savings increased last year (by about \$3 billion), as did the proportion of income saved, and this was on top of a large increase in 1955.

The federal budget is now showing a modest cash surplus. So do the consolidated accounts of federal, state, and local governments. These surpluses indicate that public bodies, always under suspicion for promoting inflation, are now taking more purchasing power from their taxpayers than they return in income to their employees, pensioners, and suppliers. However, as we shall see presently, these balanced budgets are a limited source of comfort.

Strong demand in relation to the current capacity of the economy furnishes the invariable setting for inflation. On occasion some economists have yielded to the temptation to regard it as the complete explanation. As a result they have succeeded to a surprising degree in not thinking about an even more intractable and unpleasant cause of price increases. This is the wage-price spiral — or perhaps more accurately, the wage-profit-price spiral. Though exceedingly inconvenient, this spiral is one of the facts of modern economic life.

The wage-price spiral affects only a part of the economy — roughly speaking, that part where strong corporations bargain with strong unions. Here, when demand is high, companies have no difficulty in passing the higher costs of wage settlements along to the public. The companies do not need to wait for prices to rise; they can usually raise them. Under these circumstances, while a little ritualistic bickering is still required, there is no real conflict of interest between company and union. It is the public that pays. The price increase that follows a wage increase is often the occasion for getting something more for the company. The public will always attribute the whole of the price increase at such a time to the presumed rapacity of the unions. High company earnings then become an invitation to further wage demands. Prices, wages, and profits all shove each other up.

Where there are no unions or where the unions are weak, and where businessmen are small and have no assurance that their prices will rise (or can be raised) to cover higher wage costs, the spiral does not operate. The inflation of recent years has been marked in those parts of the economy that are subject to the spiral. Thus in the steel industry, where the spiral works relentlessly and where wage advances are invariably the occasion for even larger price increases, the prices of most products are now

between 70 and 80 per cent above their 1947–1949 average. At present rates prices of steel products are doubling themselves approximately every ten years. To take a random selection of other relatively well-organized industries where prices are also subject to considerable control, machine tools are up about 60 per cent since 1947–1949; aluminum ingot is up 70 per cent; bulldozers are up between 50 and 60 per cent; tractor tires are up 61 per cent; mining machinery on the average is up about 75 per cent; internal-combustion engines are up 42 per cent; and farm machinery is up 31 per cent. Building materials are also up about one third.

Where the spiral does not operate, the behavior of prices has been very different. In the cotton textile industry — an industry of weak unions and fairly numerous manufacturers — prices are now on the average between 8 and 9 per cent *below* the 1947–1949 level. In the apparel industry, where unions are strong but the manufacturers are not, prices are now about the same as in the late forties. Prices of farm products, where there are no unions and where all producers are relatively small, are about 10 per cent below the level of the late forties.

The wage, profit, and price spiral does not explain everything — in economics nothing ever does. The investment boom has increased the demand for capital goods. The pressure of demand has made it easier to raise the prices of metals, machinery, and materials. Consumer goods have gone up less rapidly, in part because demand has increased less rapidly and the danger of customer price resistance has been greater. In numerous industries productivity has gone up more rapidly than wages; to the extent that prices are higher in these industries, producers have simply been taking advantage of a strong market. Nonetheless, the shove of wages on prices and the pull of prices and profits on wages are an inescapable part of the inflationary process. Directly or indirectly, any remedy for inflation must break this spiral. It is now time to look at these remedies.

2

THERE are three broad strategies for dealing with inflation, each with a distinct place in the ideological spectrum. On the right and by far the most respectable is monetary policy; this is the higher interest rate and the more reluctant lending that we now celebrate as the “credit squeeze.” In the center with large elements of respectability and some elements of disreputability is fiscal policy. This is the use of the taxing power to curb spending and mop up excessive demand. Far to the left are direct controls on wage and price increases. These in peacetime are not regarded as respectable. Anyone who recommends them does so at considerable risk to his reputation.

Direct controls obviously are not in the cards. One of the first acts of the Eisenhower Administra-

tion in early 1953 was to dismantle the price and wage controls which remained from the Korean War. This ever since has been regarded as an action of supreme wisdom and virtue, symbolic of enlightened Republicanism. No one has really disagreed. Not even American radicals these days want it supposed that they harbor secret designs to impose price or wage or rent controls.

However, while direct controls are abhorred, their efficacy, to a marked degree, is conceded. If the danger of inflation were serious enough — in the event, for example, of an old-fashioned mobilization — it is generally agreed that we should have to have them, partly because nothing else comes to grips with the spiral. But in peacetime the right to shove up wages and then increase prices and profits and then raise wages and then start all over again is still one of our liberties. We can reasonably assume it will so remain.

This leaves us with fiscal and monetary policy. An active fiscal policy faces almost equally formidable barriers. The government must raise taxes and cut public spending to the point where the total of all spending, public and private, no longer presses on the capacity of the economy. This policy must be pursued when times are good, incomes are high, sales are large, and when, for these reasons, tax revenues are already high.

At the present time this policy would require a general tax increase when the budget is already comfortably balanced. Total spending can be excessive even when the budget is balanced; hence the action is wholly logical. But what seems logical to some people seems like determined masochism to other people, and these include the uniquely strategic George M. Humphrey, the past and (as this is written) the presumptive Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Humphrey has proudly avowed the old-fashioned view that the single and sufficient goal of fiscal policy is to balance the budget. Since the private spending that brings inflation also brings the revenues that balance the budget, Mr. Humphrey's position leads not to tax increases but, on the contrary, to tax cuts in times like the present.

In economic affairs necessity is the great evangelist for radical ideas. Conservatives in power must constantly do the things they once excoriated as harebrained. If the present inflation persists, the Administration may well try to use taxes to cut private spending. A Tory government in Britain has come, though reluctantly, to this policy. And without doubt spending can be cut in this way. But there is another question: whether the policy will work without being impossibly drastic.

Fiscal policy works by squeezing total consumer demand. When this has proceeded to the point where demand no longer presses on capacity, prices no longer rise. Or they are not supposed to.

But where the wage-price spiral is involved things may be less simple. Then costs shove prices up.

To halt the spiral the demand for, say, steel would presumably have to be reduced to such a degree that the United States Steel Corporation would fear that it could not pass a price increase along to its customers. This being so, the United Steel Workers Union would know that wage demands that went beyond the gains in productivity portended a serious battle. Perhaps it might be additionally necessary that the union's hand be weakened by some unemployment. Plainly the policy, to be effective, must be severe. Meanwhile we may well wonder what will be happening to farm prices, and to employment and to prices in other vulnerable industries. For we must remember that the demand squeeze which is stabilizing steel prices will also be common to the whole economy.

Fiscal policy has been ardently discussed by economists for twenty years. There is a priesthood which is presumed to be deeply accomplished in its rites. But it is a curious fact that it has not yet been put to a test in any serious inflation crisis. In both World War II and the Korean War, direct controls were called into use — the action in both instances was regarded as irregular, unscientific, slightly un-American, but also indispensable. And it was the direct controls in each case which halted the spiral. So our knowledge of inflation control by fiscal measures is largely speculative. Since the instrument is one with which experience is so limited, since it would require a disavowal of present policy, since the political resistance would be formidable, and since to be effective it might have to be exceedingly harsh in its effect on prices and employment in some parts of the economy, we should obviously be somewhat skeptical of its present practicability. In fiscal controls we have a gun, but we do not know how heavy a charge it requires or whether it kills first the enemy or the man who fires it.

3

IN OUR folklore, to possess a full comprehension of monetary policy is to be thought privy to a kind of fiduciary black magic. The facts, perhaps unfortunately, are less romantic. The effect of monetary controls is relatively forthright. By raising interest rates and reducing (or increasing less rapidly) the funds available for lending by the banks, the Federal Reserve discourages borrowing and investment. Investment means spending for capital goods and inventories; less spending for these means less demand and hence less pressure on prices. While, broadly speaking, fiscal policy cuts consumer spending, monetary policy cuts business spending. However, in principle, monetary policy should also reduce consumer spending somewhat by reducing consumer borrowing.

Conservatives applaud a strong monetary policy; it has an unparalleled aspect of sanity and soundness. Liberals once objected but of late they too

have acquiesced. They are liberal, but they don't want to seem irresponsible. The policy is now being pursued with vigor. Interest rates are higher than they have been in twenty years. Anyone who has talked with farmers or smaller businessmen has heard firsthand about the credit squeeze. The policy is meant to squeeze people to make them reduce their borrowing and spending. Accordingly, things seem to be working as they should. Yet in any tolerably detached view monetary policy, at least in its present form, is emerging as the most dubious of all the weapons for attacking inflation.

There are first of all its side effects. Monetary policy attacks inflation by attacking the volume of investment. When it is effective it cuts down the rate of economic growth. It would be more in accord with our cherished Puritan tradition to cut excessive spending by cutting back consumption. But such austerity has little appeal. Congress has even denied the Federal Reserve the right to regulate consumer credit terms and down payments, which is a way of bringing monetary policy specifically to bear on consumer spending. Thus the professional business statesman who calls for all-out support of the tight money policy is calling, in effect, for a slower rate of investment and of economic expansion — a less dynamic economy, perish the thought — than if the curbs were placed on consumption. Not infrequently he is contradicting the speech he made just last night about the need to outproduce the Russians. Still, we should keep this issue in perspective. Maybe we are overinvesting. Maybe, too, we exaggerate the importance of growth; or perhaps the emphasis it receives is more liturgical than real. Our need for more automobile capacity is probably not urgent. Additional hotels in Miami Beach probably do not add greatly to our national strength, however agreeable they may be. Moreover, we can afford to view the reduction in growth with equanimity for another reason. The policy isn't working.

The second side effect of monetary policy is on the competitive balance between large and small business. It would be hard to find a policy better designed to encourage the large and the strong at the expense of the small and the weak. When banks must limit credit, they are impelled to protect their oldest, strongest, and most reliable customers. These, in general, will be the larger firms. (For one thing, the large firm has the strength and reputation to take itself to another bank if it doesn't already have multiple banking connections.) As a result the burden of the cut falls on newer, weaker, less reliable — and smaller — borrowers. There will be many exceptions to this tendency, but the tendency is inescapable. In recent months commercial bankers have been sensitive about the suggestion that the smaller and weaker borrowers have been losing out. Some have come perilously close to claiming that their least valued clients get their first considera-

tion. This is hardly plausible. These are wonderful times, but banks are still not charitable enterprises. Nor, happily, have bankers yet become completely unbusinesslike.

But the larger and stronger firm has other advantages quite apart from its warmer reception at the bank. Its resources may make it more or less independent of loans not only for operations but also for expansion. And the market power of the large firm allows it to pass higher interest costs along to its customers in higher prices. This the farmer and smaller businessman cannot do.

The effects of monetary policy to date have accorded with these expectations. Smaller businessmen and farmers, having failed to experience the privileged treatment they are supposed to receive at the banks, have been complaining bitterly. The big corporations are evincing no similar distress. The failure rate of small business firms is now higher than for years. Earnings of small firms are at best unexceptional. At the other extreme, earnings of very large firms are near record levels, and their share of all corporate assets has been increasing. Curiously enough, despite the squeeze, bank loans outstanding have also been rising steadily. There is at least a possibility that those who have lost their lines of credit in the squeeze have merely given way to larger and stronger borrowers.

While in principle everyone is in favor of the small businessman, it has long been clear that this affection is largely verbal. We grieve terribly over his fate, but not to the point of doing anything about it. And it is true that big business is here to stay and doubtless will get bigger. Nonetheless, we should recognize that monetary policy, as it is now being practiced, is a magnificent instrument for promoting centralization. A move at the present time to repeal the antitrust laws would, without doubt, excite considerable opposition. But it might contribute less markedly to industrial concentration than a long continuation of monetary restraints in their present form. These deny to the smaller and weaker firm the funds on which growth or even survival may depend. The large and the strong tend to get them. The consequences must be clear.

4

A FINAL difficulty with our present monetary policy is that it probably doesn't stop inflation. The evidence of the day can hardly be overlooked. The policy of tight money has been applied with increasing severity for many months. And the inflation has marched right along with the policy. Prices are still rising; the pace as this is written is accelerating. The usual test of a policy is whether it works.

When we look a little more deeply we are likely to be puzzled most by why we are expected to suppose that the policy will work. As noted, the earnings of the larger corporations are very nearly the

highest on record. Why should they be deterred from investing by what, comparatively speaking, are minor increases in interest costs? The prospective returns far exceed the increased costs.

And the investment boom has continued. With one qualification, as this is written, there is no sign of the tapering off which would signify that the policy was succeeding. The exception was the leveling off last year in residential housing. This is partly because buyers were discouraged by the stiffer terms. But partly it was because housing is pre-eminently a field of the small businessman. As a result the credit squeeze was effective for builders. General business investment, where the influence of the large firms is dominant, showed one of the largest increases ever. At the moment the hope for 1957 is only that the rate of increase will be smaller.

Monetary policy is dubious for another reason. It makes no contact with the wage-price spiral. No one supposes that the steel industry was much deterred last summer in reaching a wage settlement and raising its prices because money was tight. Nor can anyone doubt that the higher wages and prices (prices that became costs to steel users) were inflationary. The spiral could be checked if investment spending were so severely curtailed that the total demand for steel became soft. Then the steel firms would be cautious about wage settlements that involved price advances. And the union would be cautious about demands that meant a long battle or which might, if granted, mean unemployment. But to say what would be needed is to make clear by what a vast margin the present policy fails to make contact with the problem. The present policy, even though ineffective, is sufficient to bring cries of anguish from weaker borrowers. Plainly a policy so astringent as to reduce investment by the big firms would mean euthanasia for the smaller businessmen and the farmers. This, one supposes, might eventually become socially and politically unacceptable not only in principle but in practice.

As noted, the central fact in the present inflation is the big boom in business investment and therefore in business spending. This investment could begin to taper off for reasons that have nothing to do with the control of inflation. And it might suffer a traumatic reduction which would promptly set us worrying, not about the wage-price spiral, but about depression and unemployment. There are elements of imbalance in the present prosperity — the heavy consumer borrowing, high profits, low farm income, the investment boom itself — which are not reassuring. (We should also be terrified by the number of people who are looking at our present prosperity and solemnly proclaiming it to be sound.) But nothing is so unrewarding as economic prediction. There is an opposite chance that demand will continue strong and wages, profits, and prices will continue to push and to pull each other up.

If so, we will continue to have inflation, and in

face of that our situation could scarcely be worse. Monetary policy in its present form, the one measure we are presently prepared to use, is almost certainly ineffective unless applied with intolerable severity. So applied, the social consequences — at least as seen by the farmer and smaller businessman — would be most disenchanting.

Inflation — progressive, unremitting, and unending inflation — is not a pleasant prospect. It undermines all the arrangements that civilized man makes and maintains with the greatest difficulty. Schools, hospitals, churches, public services, law and order, care of the sick and the aged, all suffer. By contrast, speculators, promoters, all who are knowledgeable about making money, do well. As things now stand, their future looks bright.

Inflation can be controlled. It will require, however, a willingness to do the things that work. The problem is one of economics, not theology. And all the effective remedies hurt. That is because they deny to someone an increase in prices or profits or wages which he otherwise would have had. To illustrate: a convention, somehow reinforced by law, which proscribed any general price increase for at least six months following the negotiation of a new collective bargaining contract would do wonders to stop soft wage settlements that are automatically passed along to the consumers. It would require that wage increases be paid out of profits or productivity increases — which is where they should come from. Yet one can imagine the cries of outrage were this seriously proposed.

Such a measure would have to be reinforced by fiscal and monetary controls equipped, where necessary, with new teeth. The difficulties in bringing taxation to bear on consumption have already been told. If we are to continue to use monetary policy, ceilings will have to be placed on the credit lines of larger borrowers. This action would prevent them from using the credit denied to weaker borrowers and it would make them share equitably in any reduction. Large enterprises will certainly object bitterly to such limitations. (The smaller and weaker firms that now get no credit at all are expected to view their privation with more nobility of character.) And numerous small businessmen would themselves stage a bitter-end fight against consumer credit controls. These are a necessary adjunct to other weapons for attacking inflation. A change in farm policy from the system of pegging farm prices to one of allowing them to find their own level, with the farmer's income protected by direct payments, would be immensely useful. This, too, would be opposed.

So it goes. Inflation control is the ultimate test of the power of the general interest against the special interest. For the moment, at least, the position of the special interest could scarcely be stronger. It has managed to ban all the weapons by which inflation might successfully be attacked.



An Atlantic Story



An engineer who served in the Navy during the war, JOSEPH WHITEHILL, now in his thirtieth year, has settled on the eastern shore of Maryland to devote his full time to writing. "Able Baker" was his first story to appear in the Atlantic, and it won him an Atlantic award and a place in the Prize Stories of 1956. A collection of his best narratives, entitled Able Baker and Others, has just been published in book form under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint, and rumor has it that he is well along with his first novel.

YOUNG MAN WITH A SPEAR

by JOSEPH WHITEHILL

FIFTY yards seaward of the line of commencement of the violent white breakers, out where the yellow rubber life raft was anchored, the incoming ground swell was not yet much mounded. The flaccid life raft buckled easily as it nodded up the slope of each swell, straining at the clothesline rope that served as anchor rode; then, as the swell passed, the raft relaxed and idled down into the trough, and the anchor line came slack.

Clinging at equal spaces around the saggy, inflated rim of the raft were three tired and desiccated youths in swimming trunks, each hunched half out of the water and resting on his chest. Each wore on his submerged and dangling feet a pair of black rubber flippers shaped like the feet of bullfrogs, and on his head, pushed up out of the way, a rubber-rimmed, glass-lensed diving mask. They were staring bemusedly at the litter of fish and other sea junk that lay dying or already dead on the sloppy, undulating floor of the raft.

Of the three young men, only Joe Ortiz was an intellectual, and thus, *post hoc propter hoc*, was the only one who was actively unhappy. He was thin and dark-skinned and dark-eyed, but his bony chest, his rib cage, was enormous. "You guys did all right," he said, looking at the fish in the raft. He pointed to a silvery plump corvina which Bob had speared earlier in the afternoon.

Also on the floor of the raft were two large pink-fleshed abalones, an adolescent flounder which still curled its tail at intervals, and a tiny uninjured octopus whose body was no bigger than a pullet egg. "The octopus needs some water," Bob said. Bob was loosely fat and had fair, red-blotched, goose-fleshed skin.

"You gonna save it?" asked Holly.

"Oh, I don't know. For a while, I guess. I want Ellen to see it. Alive. Reach me that coffee can, Joe, will you?"

Joe scratched his salt-encrusted shoulder. "Won't reach it to you. I'll *hand* it to you, if it's all right."

"All right, all right. If you please. Thank you. . . . There now, Mr. Octopussy, you feel better?" Bob poured sea water gently over the miniature octopus, which went rigid in delight. Bob wheezed as he took in a breath. "Joe, you're like everybody else that came to the English language late. You're too chivalrous to it."

"What time d'you s'pose it is?" Holly asked. Holly was last year's high school hero who this year trundled carts in a seafood cannery. He worried about things.

Joe Ortiz, pushing down with his hands on the flabby rim of the yellow raft, raised himself higher out of the water and squinted at the white-stuccoed, red-tile-roofed clubhouse of the beach club at the south end of the mile-long broad beach. "It's either four-thirty or five-thirty. I can't see very well. The rich people ought to use bigger clocks. What would Veblen say if he knew that the rich weren't consuming conspicuously enough?"

"Oh, Lord," Bob said. He skinned off his mask and dropped it to the bottom of the boat among the fish; then he climbed awkwardly and heavily out of the water and into the raft and sat rubbing his forehead where the mask had left an arcing red weal. "Dammit, Joe, does everything have to have a social or an economic significance?"

"It's none of my doing," Joe said. "It's not a question whether things do have to or don't have to.

They just do or they don't, that's all. I'm not a charlatan. I don't invent these things."

Holly said, "It sure sounds like you do. Why don't I see all those significant things you do?"

Joe said, "You aren't a greaser."

Abruptly, Holly climbed into the raft. He shook his head after removing his mask. "Why d'you hafta say things like that? All it does is embarrass everybody."

"It doesn't embarrass me," Joe said. He made no move to get out of the water. He paddled gently with his fin-footed legs to keep even with the easy motion of the undulant raft.

"God, am I tired," Bob said. He hung his head loosely and let his shoulders sag.

"Me too," Holly said. "I feel all wrung out. We must've been in the water three hours. . . . I wonder if the girls are there yet. Can you see?"

Bob raised his heavy head to look toward the beach. "Not now. Wait till a boomer comes in."

"Here comes a boomer," Holly said. "Get ready."

When the seventh swell of the seventh series of swells came (the highest of any of its kind), Holly stood up just as the raft reached the crest, and looked in toward the beach. He smiled and waved and sat down quickly. "They saw us. They're building a fire. Why don't we go on in an' get warm?"

"Good deal," Bob said, and he began hauling in the clothesline anchor rope. His fat breasts jiggled as he pulled.

"No," Joe said, clinging to the raft with one arm while he took off his mask.

"Oh, come on, Joe, let's go in," Holly pleaded.

Joe put the mask on again, so that it covered his eyes and nose and pressed in hard against his upper lip. The clamping pressure on his upper lip made it lift grotesquely away from his long white teeth. His voice became nasal and curiously flattened: "You boys both have something to show in there ashore. You're victorious fishermen, but me, I haven't got anything yet. Why don't you let me make a run over there to the swimming rope and back?"

Bob sighed and released the coils of anchor line he had gained. "You're overdoing it, Joe. You're tired too. Come on. Let's go in."

"It won't take ten minutes. . . . Besides, it's my boat." Joe gathered his light spear line into a loose coil and thrust his arm through it, then cast off from the raft and lay prone on the surface of the water while he twined his legs about the wooden shaft of his spear in such a manner that the shaft was gripped securely between his bony shins, while its *fisga*, the green-painted, five-tined spearhead, was three feet in advance of his body.

"You trying for flounder again?" called Holly.

Joe lifted his head from the water and nodded. He looked about to fix his course, then took a long

breath and buried his head in the water and, with a humping stroke of his arms, submerged.

2

JOE ORTIZ came up for breath, and he rested for a short time, fanning the water slowly with his hands. Then, after three deep, precharging inhalations, he went under again. Fifteen feet below him was the desert plain of brown sandy bottom, wave-ribbed and corded, played on by shifting, glittering folds of wave-broken sunlight. This ancient fabric had about it the timelessness of a deserted theater; there was a sense of life's having been there before, and a tacit promise that life would someday be there again, but now, in the meantime, in the waiting period, there were only the sounds from invisible sources. The sea this day was more turbid than was usual; Joe Ortiz could see no more than fifty feet in all directions before the lowering curtain of microorganisms turned the distance to a featureless, seminal green. But the sounds were there, the sounds of the living ocean bottom. There were little creaks and tiny anguished groans, and the scraping, sliding, clicking, rustling noises of bottom things feeding out of sight, clinging to dark rocks in deeper water. There was only one man-sound under here: the clink of an iron chain.

Each passing swell carried Joe shoreward ten feet, then returned him with its ebb, and his giant frog-shadow on the sand below him was the only moving thing in his world.

Here is really alone, he thought. This is alone like no other kind of alone in the whole world. In the whole real world, I mean. There's just me and that shadow of mine and the pressure in my ears. And the noise of the chain that anchors that swimming float. O sweet, gentle Christ, what a place to exercise your fear! This—hey, Joe—is the same ocean that whales and barracuda swim in. I can never forget that, ever. What would I do if I saw a whale under here? Or a barracuda? Or a dead body? *Madre*, I could see anything here!

Joe swam along the surface with a slow breast stroke, feeling the water-roughened wood of the spear shaft scrape his chest as the swells and his own motion made it rub against him. Some water had crept in around the rubber side of his mask, and it trembled in a little triangular pool just before his nose. He raised his head into the air and made a grimace that swelled the flesh of his cheeks and lifted the mask a little away from his upper lip. He blew air out of his nose, and the water in the mask drained out and ran down his chin. Then he took the shaft of the spear in his hands and released the clamping pressure of his shins and trod water with his finned feet to take the stiffness and the chill out of his legs. The coils of his spear line floated ticklingly across his shoulders and he shrugged them hastily away. Jesus,

he thought, anything at all touches you while you're in the water and you can't stand it. You get goosy.

He inhaled and submerged again. The clapping roar of the breakers, muffled even when he was on the surface because he was on the back side of them, turned underwater into a far-off cottony thunder. When a wave broke inshore, all that came to Joe was a small, solid thump. Let's go down a little farther, he thought. That shadow's moving around too much down there on the sand. With two broad, shoveling strokes he descended to a depth of ten feet. Making a curious, practiced motion of his jaw, he cracked open his Eustachian tubes, freeing them from the deafening pressure of the water. He let a little air from his mouth into his nose, and the mask pressed less against his face.

I was designed for this, he thought, I couldn't be any better made for this. . . . Poor fat, wheezy Bob. No wonder he gets tired, he has to keep swimming himself down all the time. And he can't hold his breath for beans. But you take me, I can hold my breath. What was that funny term? Vital. . . . Vital capacity was what Dr. Kinsolving said. I thought he meant "capacity for living it up and burning with a flame most hard and gemlike" or "the energy endowment of the superman." Not so. It was much simpler and almost as nice. Vital capacity, as he said it, means the difference between the capacity of one's lungs when fully inflated, and the residual capacity when they are fully deflated. The average for men of my height and weight is five and a half liters. How his eyes popped when I blew into his machine! Eight and a half liters. That ain't no bad thing.

3

HEY, flounder, where are you? Come on, dead desert of a sea bottom, show me a mistake in the sandy ripple pattern. Show me a place where a giant flounder has laid himself down on the bottom for a snooze. Show me some disturbed sand, a wide shallow hollow, with a comb of dorsal fins sticking out at the side, a place where this flounder has fluttered and kicked and squirmed and raised a cloud of sand, then has slid under this cloud and thus sanded himself all over his top. Show me no thin spiky tails of stingarees. The magic is gone out of stingarees now.

Christ, what's that noise!

Joe's body convulsed and his masked head turned wildly about in a streaming tangle of black hair as he suddenly heard from nowhere the sharp metallic whine of propellers. Because of the curious closeness of underwater acoustics, the grinding chord came to Joe from all about him; then, horribly, it came to lodge loudly within his very head. Joe abandoned his spear and shot to the surface. He looked hastily about in panic, but

there was no boat bearing down on him to shred him with its propeller. As he rose to the crest of a swell he made a surging kick with fear-inspired legs, and then he saw the boat. Fully a mile away, a fat gray tuna trawler, heavily masted and with splayed booms, had just rounded the sea wall at the point. Joe Ortiz collapsed back into the water and rolled over belly up to recover from his rabbit fright. His whitened lips moved silently as he looked at the bright sky.

Mother of God, how can a boat that far away make so much noise in the water?

He pulled the floating spear to him by the light braided line which was fastened near its *fisga*; then he remounted the spear shaft between his shins and looked about to set his course. The beach club's square, heaving float was thirty yards away now, somewhat to seaward of his position, and he could see the white blocks of wood through which was reeved the long rope that led from the swimming float to the beach. The floating white blocks, spaced twenty feet apart on the hawser, served to keep it afloat and visible; weak swimmers were encouraged to stay near it lest they grow tired and succumb to panic. Moreover, and more important to Joe Ortiz, the rope, or, rather, the Rope, marked the seaward extension of the beach club's property line. Members of the beach club paid two hundred and seventy-five dollars a month for the privilege of remaining undisturbed on the south side of that boundary. Sea-wet dogs who trespassed in a happy gallop along the beach and spear fishermen who voyaged south of the Rope were equally regarded as disturbances. Several times before this, Joe, stalking a wary corvina or sea bass, had been led by the fish beneath the Rope, and had been obliged to abandon the pursuit in frustrated anger. The lifeguards had sharp eyes and shrill, embarrassing whistles, and they were heavy with the weight of righteousness.

Looking now at the swimming float, searching among the brown-skinned, white-capped girls and the hairy-chested men, Joe saw a muscular youth more darkly tanned than the rest, from whose neck swung a brass police whistle on a glittering chain. The young man, the lifeguard, was idly watching Joe without seeming to.

Joe took three fast breaths and held the last one, flattened himself on the heaving surface of the water, and continued his course toward the Rope. He swam with slow breast strokes, hungrily searching each discontinuity in the ribbed, sandy bottom.

Please, hey, giant flounder, where are you resting? I know you are there somewhere, because I have taken your little brothers and sisters on days before. I need *you* now, big flounder. I need you to be about twenty pounds. No less. (How many kilos is that? Eight or nine or ten, in there somewhere. My father would have known right off.) And let's see, I need you to be strong and fine and

a hard puller, speared well and securely in the muscle meat, not in the gills or entrails, because you must not get away, but you must make winning you hard. And when I have won you I shall drag you to the rubber boat, and Bob (fat Bob) and Holly (the worrier and complainer) will look at you with wonder and they will forget that they had wanted to quit before and go in to the beach and the fire and the girls. And when the girls see you they will be full of sighs and cries, and they will not even see the big corvina Bob got, and they might squeal at the little octopus, but they will look at you, flounder, with respect, and they will think how much chowder and how many fillets you will make. And Nanda darling will know that I am the greatest spear fisherman in all of California.

In his intentness Joe had forgotten the Rope and the lifeguard, and he swam with even, metered strokes, searching the corded sand below him, letting the oscillating swells cast him from side to side and thanking them for widening the path of his search by the measure of their motion.

I know what I have to do! Of course. Why didn't I think of it before? I must make a votive offering of some kind. I must earn this flounder before he will be shown to me. . . . What can I offer? . . . Well, that little juggler of Notre Dame, all he did was juggle and he made out all right. I can hold my breath longer than anybody else. Let's have it be that. Okay. I'll hold my breath until you are presented to me, big flounder . . . beginning now, not with a fresh breath, but with this one that is already half spent.

Certainly the King of All Fish will hear the pain under my ribs and the explosions in my throat where the air is trying to get out, and he will show me my flounder. Are you listening, King of All Fish? Here comes the first pain. Listen carefully. You hear that breath wanting out? Do you hear my body crying *air*? Crying even to be let to breathe through my shoulder blades or the back of my neck or the top of my head where it is out of water? But I will not. . . . And . . . so . . . is . . . passed . . . the first pain and the lull sets in and the body retreats to a previously prepared position.

The body grants the first round of the fight and begins all over again in fair comfort and greater economy, using what air there is and for the moment demanding less. A wife's first labor must be like this to her . . . the pain surges coming closer together every time, but after each one is past, there is then a resting time when she can think she has won a small victory, and she can be proud, for having won a small victory she is stronger to meet the next one, the bigger one, coming. Each pain in the cycle is a primer preparation for the one to follow it, and her reward is the lull between. But laboring wives have it better than me, King of

All Fish, because they can *scream*. If I scream I have lost it all.

Can you faint under water? Can your own will whip your body?

4

IN HIS swimming, carried on now in a mindless automatic rhythm, Joe was so absorbed in his votive mortification that he did not see the heavy algae-bearded hawser as he approached it. He swam with only his arms, for his legs were immobilized by their rigid grip on the lower end of the spear shaft. The *fisga* of the spear, like a green steel hand, preceded his body by the space of three feet, out of water most of the time. His body washed loosely with the swells, moving from side to side, but the Rope, tied at its outer end to the anchored swimming float, held firm, resisting. The trailing algae of the Rope first streamed shoreward, then reversed and pointed out to sea. Joe's spear shaft, inclined slightly upward by his body angle, passed across the floating hawser. Then, with the next ebb, the spear shaft pressed down hard on the slimy Rope, and when the backflow carried Joe seaward, the lumpy helices of the Rope sent a thrumming, jarring shock down the shaft and into his oxygen-starved body. *Aik!*

Flailing blindly, as if he had forgotten how to swim, Joe beat at the roiled surface of the water and gasped for air. As from his agonized throat came a wordless cry for help, he swallowed burning sea water. Then, in the midst of his coughing and retching, he saw the Rope, and shame and hate rose in him like a corroding flood. He was treading water limply, weak with his fullness of angry relief, when he heard the insolent skirl of the lifeguard's rolling-pea whistle. Joe snapped his head around to look out at the tossing swimming float. The tanned lifeguard stood balanced on the edge of the float, pointing at him. "Get that spear outa here! We don't want any spear fishing around here!" Then the lifeguard put his fists on his hips, making his overdeveloped latissimus dorsi muscles stand out like triangular sheathing columns down the sides of his swimmer's chest. Joe saw the girls on the float looking busily from the lifeguard to himself in the water, and on the only inspiration he had, Joe raised his fist with the middle finger insultingly erect. The lifeguard continued to glower, but made no challenging move.

A passing swell swept Joe into the hard, slimy Rope; then the Rope cast him away, and he paddled feebly along while he coiled his spear line and prepared to swim the long way back to the rubber boat.

What I should have done, he thought, what I *should* have done was swim over there to that float and wiggle the *fisga* points in that slob's face. . . . Really, now, would I ever have done something like

that? No. . . . Of course not. . . . O Lord, am I going to spend all the rest of my life wishing I had done thus-and-so or this-and-that, instead of what I really did do? Is a man the creature he dreams himself? Or is he just the victim of what he does? Hey, Joe Ortiz, I hate you. No, let's say it right. Here. Hey, *José Ortiz*, I hate you.

With no fun left in him, Joe swam directly toward the yellow rubber boat he could see over the tops of the swells. The idea of the flounder was gone from him now. The flounder had been a bright dream; now it was impossible, unattainable, undeserved. Joe swam with loose strokes; his bones felt as if they had turned to milk, and he was suddenly very tired. He rolled his head aside often to breathe, and he paid scant attention to the featureless bottom beneath him.

5

HE WAS within a hundred feet of the rubber boat when, quite by chance, he saw the shark. With his face plate down in the water between breaths, he saw a shadow far ahead on the bottom, at the very edge of the green-curtained gloom. Believing the shadow to be that of the raft, he raised his head to alter the course of his swimming accordingly, and he knew at once that the raft was too far off to cast this shadow. He sucked in a great gasp of air and submerged. Releasing the spear shaft from his legs and taking it in his hand, he began a furious driving flipper kick forward. His terrified heart suddenly seemed now to have acquired palpable shape and size and weight in his chest, and he felt a curious resentment that this unruly muscle should take up space in his chest that was more needed for air.

Only by its black eyes and its blinking row of black gill slits, and by the graceful form of its tail, did Joe see the shark at all, for its gray-tan color was virtually the same as the color of the sand over which it nosed, and in the diffuse light of underwater its shape was not clearly defined. Joe swam on, holding the spear in one hand while he cleared the coils of his spear line with the other. The shark and he were on converging courses; the shark was coming in from the deeper sea, snuffling sleepily along the bottom, gliding forward with a barely noticeable flicking of its limber tail, cruising.

O Mother of God, this is better than any flounder. Better than any flounder in the whole ocean. Hey, sand shark, how big are you? How much do you weigh? You are not as big as a submarine or a whale, and you are not as big even as a cow, but you *look* like a cow there half asleep. Please don't see me yet. Not till I am closer. Closer. . . . Why, you are not even as long as I am. Look at our shadows there on the bottom. Mine is two feet longer than yours. How much do you weigh, shark? Sixty pounds? Seventy?

Joe was well above the shark and slightly to one

side. Their shadows on the bottom were an arm's span apart; the shark's shadow showed almost no flexing with its swimming, but Joe's shadow, gawky and frog-shaped, had to flutter to keep even. Joe shifted the spear shaft to his right hand, drawing the spear line taut along the shaft and clamping it with his fingers.

Oh, dear, there now. You have seen me. You start to swim in your great circle on the bottom. Don't run, shark.

The shark did not run. Having caught sight of Joe in the top of its eye, the shark showed no fright, but only shortened the swing of its head as it swam. Instead of swinging from full left to full right as a shark's head will do when the animal is swimming efficiently and just browsing, the head now swung only from right to center and back right again. This, that it might keep Joe always in its eye.

Joe slid his right hand back into throwing position at the tail of the spear, and he aimed by holding the forepart of the shaft lightly in the finger tips of his left hand.

How much to lead him? How much will he jump ahead between the time the spear starts down and the time the *fisga* kisses his back? He is heavy, so he will be slow to start. No, he is Shark, so he will move like the wind. Somewhere between those aiming points is the true one. Well, what the hell.

Joe gave a sudden lunging kick to bring him down nearer the fish, and launched the spear. The shark burst ahead in a cloud of sand and came out of the cloud carrying the *fisga* of the spear planted loosely just behind its dorsal fin. The shark disappeared waving the spear and Joe had time only to break the surface of the water and cry, "*Shark!*" and suck in a short breath before the heavy, hand-burning pull came on the spear line and dragged him underwater again.

It is not to outswim him. It is not to just drag him to the boat. It is to go to the spear and hold the spear and bring him to the boat holding him closely, that is how it is. *Madre!* How scared can I be? Is there any more scared than this? There you are, shark. All right. Pull toward him on the line.

Joe Ortiz knew from the crazy way the bottom moved that the strong shark was pulling him through the water. Hand over hand Joe took in the light spear line. When the shark stopped to think, Joe took two turns of the line around his hand and surfaced for breath. He came up close to and facing the yellow rubber boat. Bob and Holly stared at him. They were poised awkwardly on the inflated rim of the leaky boat, straining to see. Joe smiled to himself at their helpless idiocy. The shark tugged again at the line and Joe went under.

Where are you, boy? Oh, there. What? Not giving up, are you? Don't be silly, shark. You haven't yet begun to work. Don't just lie there on the bottom like a log; get up and go some more. Hey, wait a minute . . . not this way. Don't

come this way. You aren't supposed to think up ideas. Stop it. Go back!

The shark had turned to face him, and Joe saw its toothy, lipless mouth for the first time. The shark snapped pettishly in the empty water, and even though it was still thirty feet away, Joe saw plainly how the triangular teeth leaned inward in its mouth. Joe took in several feet of line and jerked hard to turn the shark with its own pain. The shark did turn. It started off at right angles to the taut line, swimming in a circle with Joe as the center.

O God, what a thing you are, shark. I wish Mr. Hemingway was here. This beats bulls. Hey, shark! Come here now.

Joe hauled in line steadily, narrowing the shark's compass until it swam in a small closed circle directly below him, hugging the bottom. The shark did not seem angry, only confused and patient. Joe reached out wildly with his free hand and successfully captured the free end of the spear as it came by. The shark felt the solid touch as the spear gained Joe's weight; it quivered, then heaved off across the bottom in a limping straight line, scuffing the sand with a pectoral fin as it moved in its hampered course, dragging Joe behind.

I'd give a dollar for a breath, shark. . . . Go up, why don't you? Well, stop pulling so hard. You're hurting my arms. My shoulders are coming apart. Where's that line? . . . I'd give a dollar to have that line. But I can't let go to reach it. . . . You're going out too deep, fish. Quit it. I said quit it. . . . You're going to get me sore in a minute. Go up, I said. All right then, dammit.

Painfully, Joe pulled himself along the spear toward the retreating shark until he had enough of the spear to himself to clamp the end between his thighs and take some of the strain off his arms. The shark was tiring.

You won't go up by yourself, all right, I'll steer you up then. I'll ride you up, you dope. I'll look you in the eye, even. That's what I'll do. I'll subdue you with my magic eye. You haven't a chance.

It was here that Joe saw that the *fisga* was not well planted in the back flesh of the shark. Only two of the barbed tines were properly lodged in the hard ridge of muscle; the other three were free. Gray-white meat gleamed around the two buried tines, showing that the barbs were working loose.

Well, that's just too bad, that is. Really ought to swim ahead up on top and ram the rest of them down in. How do you get on top of a shark? . . . Climb. And stay away from those free points.

So Joe Ortiz, almost at the end of his long breath, inched forward on the spear until his head was directly over the *fisga*. The laboring shark seemed oblivious; all it wanted was the peace and quiet of deep water. With the backward leverage so heavy now on the *fisga*, the shark's tough, sandy-gray hide swelled up in tumid wens where the tines were rooted. Joe twisted his legs securely around the

shaft of the spear and pounced out along the length of the shark's back and caught hold of its thick, rough pectoral fins.

It was as though he had thus pulled a trigger in the shark. It heaved in panic and struck Joe a crushing blow in the chest with the hard, blunt point of its dorsal fin; a bolt of raking pain burned up along his thigh.

Next he knew, he was at the surface choking; his mask was half filled with water that ran freely into his nose, searing it inside with an awful agony. Within his skull there came a short *meowing* sound as air trapped in his sinuses broke out into his nasal passages. Knowing he was somehow wounded, he was terrified lest the shark turn on him now. Hastily, half blind, he blew the water from his mask and ducked his head beneath the surface, but the shark had gone. So had his spear. Below him in the water a white filament crossed his vision; then the end of the spear line disappeared too in the green shadows. There was nothing left.

He looked down at his thigh. Shrouded in a veil of gray-red blood were two trailing strips of what looked like pale kelp attached to his leg. Then, what looked like pale kelp changed in his eyes to what looked like strips of uncooked bacon. He raised his leg to see better, and his throat closed in a vertiginous spasm; the two strips were skin.

Joe raised his head and took two lead-armed strokes toward the nearby raft and could take no more. Something felt broken in his chest. He crossed his arms loosely and kicked toward the raft with his finned feet.

Was I dumb? Didn't I do it right? He didn't even let me look him in the eye before he ran away, the coward.

Bob and Holly, mute with respect, reached out to help Joe over the side of the yellow rubber boat. "Pull me in by my pants," Joe said. "My chest hurts."

They did as he asked, rolling him over the flabby gunwale and easing him gently down to the slimy floor of the boat among the dead fish. "My God," Bob said, removing Joe's mask, "did he bite you?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. . . . Gee, I feel pale."

"Oh, you are," Bob said.

"I think — he — dragged th' — *fisga* 'long m'leg."

"I knew it," Holly said. "I knew it, I knew it. I told you not to go out that last time. Bob, get in the anchor. No, don't bother with it. There isn't any room for it, even. Just cut it loose there. We've got to get him to the hospital before he bleeds to death. Look how white he is. I wish somebody would tell me how we're going to get this tub through the breakers."

Oh, Mr. Flounder, I don't care. Good-by, Mr. Shark. Good-by, Mr. Lifeguard. Who needs flounders and sharks anyway?

And Joe Ortiz was smiling as he quietly fainted.

The Facts of Medicine

Ever since the dramatic proclamation of the Salk vaccine, Americans have been asking,

What will this do for my child? Can I trust it? Has polio been conquered? These are the questions which DR. DAVID D. RUTSTEIN sets out to answer. A graduate of Harvard and the Harvard Medical School, Dr. Rutstein has been Professor of Preventive Medicine and Head of the Department at the Harvard Medical School since 1947. He is a member of the staff of the Massachusetts General Hospital and five other Boston hospitals, and is Vice President of the American Heart Association.

HOW GOOD IS POLIO VACCINE?

by DAVID D. RUTSTEIN, M.D.

POLIO, the familiar term for the disease of the nervous system medically known as anterior poliomyelitis, is caused by a tiny living particle — a virus. Polio has its peak occurrence each summer, when parents anxiously note the location of each new case. In the past they have stood by helplessly when the disease struck nearby, watching through the passing months to learn whether this was a “polio year” in their town or state and breathing easily only when cold weather came. Not until 1949, when Professor John Enders made his Nobel prize-winning discovery of a method of growing polio virus in large amounts in the laboratory, did the possibility of preventing the disease through the use of a vaccine become real.

When a living polio virus invades the body, depending upon the amount of the virus and the immunity of the individual, it may or may not cause polio. But it usually does stimulate the production of protective substances or antibodies. Living viruses can be changed into vaccines, which should stimulate the production of antibodies and never cause illness. Changing a living virulent virus into a “killed” vaccine requires the addition of a substance which will destroy the sickness-producing effect without blocking the production of protective substances in the vaccinated child. This principle was applied in the development of the Salk vaccine, which is made by the addition of formalin (formaldehyde) to living polio virus. Since the Salk vaccine was first proposed, many claims have been made for it, and it has at times been the subject of public controversy. Now, after almost three years of experience, it is possible to look at the record and come to some firm conclusions about it.

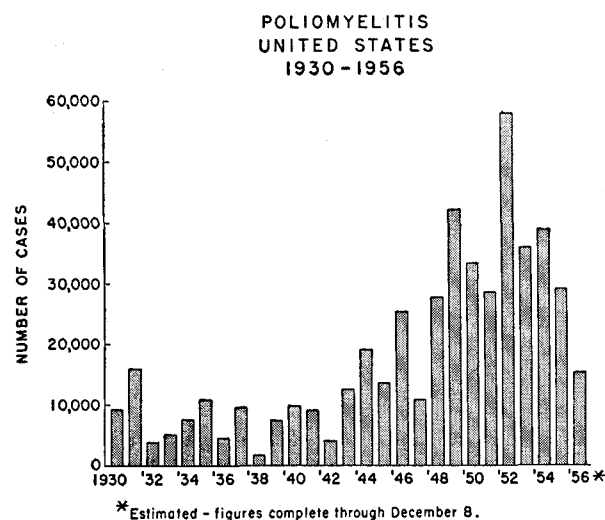
Less polio in 1956

In the United States in the first forty-nine weeks of 1956, 15,128 cases of polio were reported to the Public Health Service. In 1955 over the corresponding period there were almost twice as many cases

— 28,816. This sharp decrease took place during the mass polio vaccination program which was begun in April, 1955. First young school children and pregnant women, and later older children and young adults, were given one to three injections of polio vaccine. At the beginning of the polio season in the early summer of 1956, it was estimated by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis that thirty million people, mostly children, had received one or more injections of polio vaccine. That estimate had to be based on the enormous number of bottles of vaccine distributed by vaccine manufacturers and not on the number of persons actually vaccinated. At the beginning of the program carefully planned records were kept by Health Departments of all those vaccinated under their auspices. But when the program was changed to include over-the-counter sales of vaccine to private physicians, such records no longer included all of those vaccinated.

The marked drop in reported polio cases from 1955 to 1956 might provide final proof of the value of the vaccine if the number of polio cases in each of the previous years had been relatively constant. As seen in the first diagram, this is not the case. There have been wide swings in the number of polio cases from year to year. Beginning in the 1930s, when reports of polio became fairly reliable, there were a number of years — particularly in the late thirties — when there were many fewer cases than in 1956. Following this period, there was a rise in the early 1940s, particularly in 1944 when 19,029 cases were reported. In 1947, for no apparent reason, there was a sharp drop to about 10,000 cases. After that, there were a number of “high polio years” reaching a peak in 1952 with 57,879 cases, which was followed by a drop-off to about half that number in 1955. These fluctuations in the number of cases per year have no known explanation and occur not only in the United States but in many parts of the world. It is of interest

that a sharp drop also occurred in England and Wales in these same two years, 1955 and 1956, even though in those countries only 200,000 children had received but one or two injections in a program which began in the late spring of 1956. It is, therefore, impossible to tell whether the decrease from 1955 to 1956 in the United States is a result of the polio vaccine program or whether it is just another sharp swing in the usual pattern of the disease.



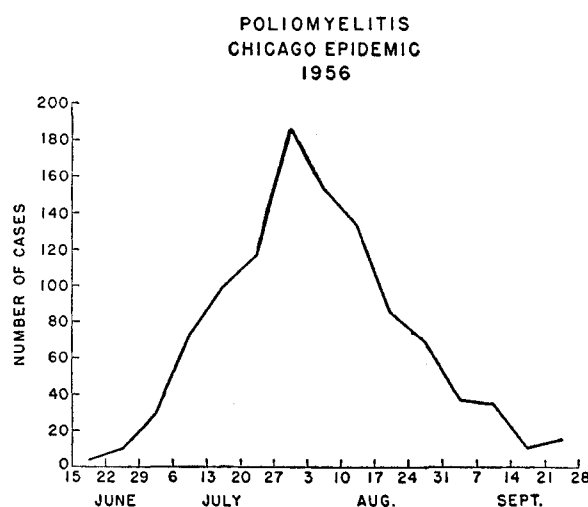
The total number of cases of polio reported each year includes both paralytic and nonparalytic forms of the disease. When polio occurs without paralysis, it may be difficult to diagnose, particularly in the absence of an epidemic. Nonparalytic polio has to be differentiated from infections due to other viruses, a distinction which medical advances have made possible only during the past few years. When such other virus infections are recognized in epidemic form, as occurred in Iowa in 1956, these cases are properly not included in the total annual figure for polio. Improvement in diagnosis has tended to decrease the number of reported cases of nonparalytic polio in recent years. This in turn makes comparisons of total cases in recent years with previous years less reliable.

Paralytic cases, however, are easily recognized, and paralysis only rarely occurs in other infectious diseases. Thus the total number of paralyzed cases is more reliable for year-to-year comparison. When the paralytic cases to December for 1955 and 1956 are compared, the decrease is much smaller than that of the total cases. There was a drop from 10,405 paralytic cases in 1955 to 6565 in 1956, a decrease of about one third, although there is a possible 5 to 10 per cent error here because of incomplete reports. Reliable records on numbers of paralytic cases for the United States are available for only the last two or three years, and they are, therefore, not precisely helpful at this time in interpreting the sharp decrease of this year. However, the seriousness of the paralytic disease and

the reliability of reports on such cases will make this the best index for measuring the effect of polio vaccine in the future.

Polio epidemics

We are encouraged that in 1956 there was only one epidemic in a major American city, Chicago. This Chicago epidemic was accompanied by an increase in polio in surrounding Cook County and northern Illinois, but this, as well as the other state epidemic in 1956, in Louisiana, was definitely smaller than the most serious epidemics of previous years. It is quite possible that polio vaccination completed before the beginning of the 1956 polio season had something to do with the smaller size of these epidemics. In future years, if the most serious epidemics continue to decrease in size, this will also be an important index of the value of the vaccine. On the other hand, the intense polio vaccination campaign begun *after* the start of the epidemic in Chicago had no effect on the course of that epidemic. As can be seen in the second diagram, the upswings and downswings on the epidemic curve are of the same shape, and balance each other as is usual in this disease. If the vaccine given after the start of the epidemic had had a real effect on it, there ought to have been a sharp drop in the number of cases, and the downswing of the curve in the diagram would have been a straight line. One can not expect that polio vaccine given after the start of an epidemic would make any real



difference in that particular outbreak of disease, because once an epidemic has started, there is not sufficient time for the vaccine to develop enough protective antibodies in those exposed to the disease.

Vaccine failures

Complicated comparisons of total and paralytic cases and of epidemics of polio from year to year would be completely unnecessary if it could be shown that children who had received complete

vaccination — three polio vaccine injections at the recommended time intervals — would not be seriously attacked by this disease. Unfortunately, this is not so. In 1956 there were over one hundred vaccine failures reported from various parts of the United States. Some of these patients have had severe paralysis and at least two have died. Since there is no way of counting the number of children who had complete vaccinations by the beginning of the 1956 polio season, it is impossible to tell how important this group of cases really is in evaluating the effect of the vaccine.

The early experiments in 1954 and 1955 had already shown that the vaccine was not 100 per cent effective. In 1954, using the original Salk vaccine, the controlled field trial reported by Dr. Thomas Francis showed that the vaccine protected some children against disease from all three polio virus types, including the most common epidemic type, Type 1. In that study, one half of a group of children received polio vaccine and the other half were injected with material which looked the same but which contained no vaccine. For the important Type 1, the vaccinated group had 65 per cent fewer cases of polio than those receiving the dummy material. In 1955, when the vaccine was distributed only through State Health Departments in such states as New York and Massachusetts, it was still possible to separate the children who had been vaccinated from those who had not, and here again, the vaccine was beneficial. The decrease in paralytic cases of Type 1 varied in these studies from 60 to 75 per cent.

Theoretical objections have been raised against the design of these studies, which may decrease these percentage differences. There can be no doubt that there has been definite benefit, but not complete protection. These results were obtained with the original Salk vaccine, and its lack of uniformity was confirmed in animal experiments at the laboratories of the New York State Department of Health. In these experiments, certain batches did not produce antibodies upon injection in animals.

The results from the original Salk vaccine are not entirely applicable today because the method of manufacture of the vaccine has been changed. Modifications were introduced after the original vaccine was found to be unsafe when certain batches caused cases of polio in the "Cutter incident." There have been no proven cases of polio caused by the new batches of vaccine distributed since November, 1955. The questionable cases have been relatively few in comparison with the large number of children vaccinated, and the modified vaccine has been safe for all practical purposes. But the changes in vaccine manufacture included, among others, the filtering out of the larger particles in the vaccine solution, thereby probably decreasing the potency of the vaccine — that is, its ability to produce antibodies in vaccinated individuals.

This decreased potency was demonstrated at the Cook County laboratories in Chicago where it was found that approximately one quarter of a large group of children given the modified polio vaccine did not produce antibodies to the most important epidemic type of polio — Type 1. Moreover, those developing immunity had a much lower level of antibodies than were obtained by Salk with the original vaccine in children of the same age group. Therefore the lots of modified vaccine might be expected not to produce as good results in the prevention of polio as those reported for 1954 and 1955.

On the other hand, it is possible to interpret the Chicago results as due to the inability of certain children to make antibodies even with a good lot of vaccine, but in a study in Galveston, Texas, one particular batch of vaccine was uniformly effective in producing antibodies in children. This evidence would support the conclusion that although some children may be unable to make antibodies, it is more likely that most of the vaccine failures are due to poor batches of the vaccine used.

The only way to be certain that every batch of vaccine will be effective is to measure antibodies produced in a group of children before the batch is released for general distribution. This procedure should be added to present testing methods. If a batch proves to be good, the test group of children will have been immunized. If a batch proves ineffective, these children can then be reinjected with vaccine from a good batch. Such a testing procedure will identify poor batches of vaccine and eliminate their use in polio vaccination. This procedure has been followed before in the testing of gamma globulin for the prevention of measles.

Polio carriers

Like certain other infectious diseases — diphtheria, for example — polio is acquired not only by direct contact with the sick patient but more frequently as a result of contact with healthy carriers of the virulent virus or germ. Such carriers, infected by contact with a victim of the disease or another carrier, although having no symptoms themselves, may make others sick by passing the infectious agent to them. The success of diphtheria vaccine is dependent in part on its ability to decrease the number of healthy carriers of that germ. If a virulent diphtheria germ enters the throat of an immunized child, it is not so likely to live and grow as it would if the child were not immune. A vaccination program in diphtheria protects the vaccinated child and decreases the number of carriers in the community, thereby decreasing the number of children infected by coming in contact with such carriers. Vaccinating a child against diphtheria thus not only protects him but also to a certain extent protects nonimmune children in the same community by cutting down their exposure to the germ. When polio occurs, many of

those who are in close contact with the patient — his family and his friends — become carriers of virulent polio virus in their gastrointestinal tracts. Such carriers probably play an important role in the transmission of this disease. It was hoped that polio vaccination would decrease the number of such healthy carriers and thus interfere with the transmission of the disease. Unfortunately, evidence being accumulated in four different laboratories indicates that it does not. All the evidence collected so far indicates that children immunized with polio vaccine are as likely to carry the living polio virus as are unvaccinated children. Polio vaccination, then, unlike diphtheria vaccination, can only protect the vaccinated person. Therefore, even if polio vaccination were 100 per cent effective, every person would have to be vaccinated in order to control the disease completely.

The search must continue

The practical problem of immunizing every person in the country is enormous and is further complicated by the need for constantly maintaining a high level of immunization in every individual. The question therefore arises: What is the duration of immunity, assuming that polio vaccination has been effective? In no disease is there permanent immunity after original vaccination. Even where vaccination is highly effective, as in smallpox, it lasts a relatively short time. Our government requires that those traveling to foreign countries show evidence that they have had successful smallpox vaccination within three years before they can be readmitted to the United States. In polio immunization we must be sure, above all, that we are not postponing the occurrence of the disease from early childhood to later in life when it is more serious. Paralysis is more severe and death more frequent when the disease strikes in adult life than in childhood. There is no solid evidence at this time concerning the duration of effective polio vaccination because so little time has elapsed since the beginning of the vaccination program. If the polio immunization program continues to be accompanied by a decreasing number of cases, research on the duration of protection from vaccination must be intensified to determine the time when booster doses of vaccine will have to be given.

The evidence that the presently available polio vaccine does not decrease the number of carriers, and the clear-cut vaccine failures, make it apparent that polio will not be eradicated by this means. Unless the Salk vaccine can be improved, other kinds of vaccine must be developed. At this time, there are two promising lines of investigation. Search must be continued for a virus-killing substance better than formalin to assure a safe vaccine of consistently high potency. Substances such as beta propiolactone have produced in animal experiments effective and safe vaccines with viruses such

as that of rabies. Ultraviolet irradiation, which is being used in combination with formalin by one vaccine manufacturer, deserves further study.

The other line of research is the development of live-virus vaccines. This involves converting a virulent live polio virus into a nonvirulent one by successive transfer through laboratory animals. In the hands of Sabin in Cincinnati and of Koprowski in Pearl River, New York, such avirulent strains when given by mouth have produced immunity in children without causing disease. But before widespread use of living vaccine can be made, much work remains to be done. We must be sure that these living strains will not revert to their original virulent form. Another theoretical possibility previously successful in another virus disease — yellow fever — is the discovery of a benign strain of living polio virus which may be safely injected and yet produce effective polio immunization.

Conclusions

Summarizing the evidence through the autumn of 1956, we can draw the following conclusions: —

The modified polio vaccine manufactured and distributed after November, 1955, has been safe for all practical purposes, but varies from batch to batch in its ability to produce protective substances.

The failure of this vaccine to prevent disease and at times death in certain vaccinated individuals and its apparent inability to reduce the number of carriers clearly indicate that polio will not be “wiped out” by this vaccine.

It is impossible to tell how much of the 1956 decrease in reported cases of polio in the United States is due to polio vaccination, but it is likely that some of it is due to the vaccine.

For purposes of future planning, it would seem reasonable to assume that the polio vaccine has been effective in producing a decrease in the number of cases of polio in the United States in 1956. The following points, therefore, are clear: —

1. The polio immunization program should be expanded and continued as long as there is a continuing decrease in the number of reported cases of paralytic polio in the United States.

2. Any upswing in the number of such cases must demand a complete revaluation of the entire program.

3. To maintain a high level of protection in those successfully immunized with the present polio vaccine, it is imperative to determine when booster doses of vaccine will be necessary.

4. Lack of uniform potency of the present vaccine demands its improvement or the development of better “killed” or “living virus” vaccines.

We must maintain an objective attitude in the interpretation of results; we must not relinquish opportunities to improve on present methods and to utilize other means which may prove to be more effective in the conquest of polio.



At no time in our past has the Atlantic received as many poems as are now submitted to us. They are evidence of an interest in poetry which never slackens and which often burns most brightly in the undergraduate years. As an incentive for writers yet unestablished, we have set aside a number of pages to be devoted to the work of young poets in our February and August issues.

THE YOUNG POETS

RECOVERY

by ANN THOMAS

OH YES, I know, I had been blind too long,
But night was warm and murmuring out of doors,
So darkened, I heard hoofbeats, rumored wars,
Swordclash and applethud and cradlesong.
Then when they cured my blindness with a knife,
Light bleakened through the world's cold-cornered room;
Up there, for arteries, the cracks of doom
Branch through all walls and cornices of life.
So watch gray rain, not feel it soft on skin;
So cleareyed see, by no blind sounds misled,
Swords in frayed scabbards, apples marketed,
The schooled child and the hooved beasts broken in.
So wait by windows, for time's cure to come
When sight shall neither deafen nor strike dumb.

NIGHT SPEECH

by ROBERT HUTCHINSON

MAN'S SONG

TOUCHING in sleep, my only speech
My rib to yours, to say:
*Do not go now to this night's lover;
Remember the laurel,
How white we met.
My arm is laurel, that burns in sleep
And walks apart by day.*

WOMAN'S SONG

BRUSHING in sleep, I touched such speech
As the dead knelt to say:
*"I am the throat of your first lover.
Remember the laurel,
How white we lay?
Break then, lest two dreams crossed in sleep
Bleed laurel too, away."*

CHILD ON A PULLMAN

by ROBERT KRIEGER

SUCH privilege was his to stay bewitched,
To ride those sundown rails above the world.
But the furious train, passing each right-of-way,
Outsteps his map, his childish look,

And suddenly transforms its character,
Leaps flat on wheels round a slickered hill.
Derelict, he rocks at twilight now,
A face in a metal cloud of hopelessness.

No doors open down the unmarked plains,
Through fog the engine hammers, in dark he haunts.
He keeps his fear: wheels forget and slow;
Glass rattles twice and he is nowhere.

Falsity of hello, hello and good-evening
Greets him under the station's foreign sign
Where endlessly trailed by unaccountable baggage,
He sets his exiled face toward home.

For what he finds leaps heavy at each door,
A draft at corners pounces for his breath.
Here nothing cries reprieve, the bells beat back,
Ringing such loss he cannot hold.

THE HAWK IN THE STORM

by TED HUGHES

I DROWN in the drumming ploughland, I drag up
Heel after heel from the swallowing of the earth's mouth,
From clay that clutches my each step to the heel
With the habit of the dogged grave, but the hawk

Effortlessly at height hangs his still eye,
Whose wings hold all creation in a weightless quiet,
Steady as a hallucination in the streaming air.
Grasping small breaths, catching last sounds, as the wind

Thumbs my eyes, throws my breath, tackles my heart,
And rain hacks my head to the bone, the hawk
Like a rapt water-walker springs my dream
With its sleeper staring from the eyes

Out of this bloodily grabbed last-moment-counting
Morsel in the earth's mouth, into the master-
Fulcrum of violence where the hawk hangs still.
That maybe in his own time meets the weather

Coming the wrong way, sees the air, hurled upside down,
Fall from his eye, the ponderous shires crash on him,
The horizon trap him, the round angelic eye,
Smashed, mix his heart's blood with the mire of the land.

BOY IN CHURCH

by ROBERT HUTCHINSON

THE thing he sees
As Sunday lies communicant
Across his knees
(The Pekinese his mother's, procreant
No more and barely growling)

— His heresy of window
Raised by blatant apple thieves,
Bloat bees,
And autumn mangy with the leaves
Of its unholy rolling —

Is just enough
To tilt the farther cartwheels in his eye;
Thus Jacob, tired:
Fleeing to find the escalating sky,
And only stars and a deep sleep falling.

DIVER

by CONRAD HILBERRY

CLIMB to the high board, heart cold and fast
As flopping fish (for who can take that flight
Like gull sure with swoop to keep at last
The air, who if not you, tall in light

Like the sun?) Exult now in the cup of air,
Noon-bright land, the call of wind;
Step to the quick edge, swift and spare,
Outspread like Eagle pinned

To the far sky. Up for spring,
Then arch like the willow's arm and down
To your rising face and green world, wing
Gently, no splash, but spin in the water a crown.



American Indians

A member of the English faculty at Leland Stanford for thirty-five years and an acknowledged authority

on the short story, EDITH MIRRIELES spent much of her childhood within half a mile of an Indian reservation and later, at the invitation of John Collyer, then Commissioner of Indian Affairs, served for a number of years as a consultant in education in the Southwest. The present policy of moving Indians off land which they owned by treaty and of relocating them in metropolitan areas has been, as she demonstrates, a grave injustice.

THE CLOUD OF MISTRUST

by EDITH R. MIRRIELES

1

IN AUGUST, 1953, President Eisenhower signed Public Law 280 — a law providing for the termination of a long-established federal-Indian relationship. In the same year, the Bureau of Indian Affairs notably quickened its pace in carrying out its project for settling Indians off their reservations, usually in areas remote from the reservations. These two, law and project (bulwarked two years later by a Bureau memorandum dealing with land), are representative of policies which have directed Indian Bureau action since 1950 — the one, a policy of termination; the other, of aided dispersal. Each has been a center of sharp controversy. Each, therefore, is worth a careful look.

Of the two, relocation has had the larger share of public attention — of white attention, that is. The plan for relocation in its present form was developed during the Commissionership of Dillon Myer (1950–1952), but its implementation has been accomplished chiefly under his successor, Glenn L. Emmons. Its immediate direction is from a Denver office headed by Charles F. Miller. The main features of the program are these: Agents are sent to the various reservations to announce the Bureau's interest in relocating Indians and the assistance it offers — free transportation from reservation to relocation point, money for the weeks immediately after arrival, help in settling and in finding a job. To make good these promises, offices have been opened in a number of the larger cities, and it is to these cities for the most part that relocating Indians are sent.

Both in Denver and in Washington, much emphasis is put on the movement's being voluntary and having been undertaken in answer to requests from Indians themselves. There is no occasion to doubt either statement. In the wake of World War II many veterans returned reluctantly to their tribes and found themselves discontented there. These were men who had lived and worked

with whites and so were acquainted with two ways of life. When one of them (or, for that matter, any Indian with a long period of outside experience) decided on the one life as against the other, he knew what he was doing. His decision was voluntary in the full sense of the word.

As for the rest? Certainly no Indian was dragged, unwilling, from his accustomed living place to be set down in Chicago, Los Angeles, Denver. Every one of those relocated (except perhaps some wives) chose to go. However, for those who had had no experience comparable to that of veterans, whose lives had been reservation-bounded, the word "voluntary" takes on a different meaning. The choices they made were grab-bag choices; they could not be otherwise, no matter what the explanations offered in advance.

And reservation Indians hesitating over their decisions were subject, too, to a pair of pressures intended by nobody. One was the lure of "something for nothing" in the form of free transportation and subsistence; the other, an uneasiness, a kind of fear. Once an individual had shown an interest, let himself be talked to, listened, would he lose the agent's good will if he refused to go? Would he get the agent and the powerful Bureau "down on him"? It is a fear familiar to the insecure everywhere, but in Indians it is often stronger than in others. Indian history explains that. "We're like wheat," a Hopi woman once said. "The wind blows, we bend over. It blows the other way, we bend that way. All we know is, you better do what they want. You can't stand up when there's wind."

Influenced, then, by their own inexperience and by these added pressures, not all who chose to go chose wisely. It was not to be expected that they would. Yet for the years 1953 to 1955 the Bureau records show that of 5017 relocated persons, only 1308 were known by the Bureau to have returned to their earlier homes. Out of a little more than

5000, a little more than 3700 settled into new places, oftenest cities, and stayed there. On the face of it, a good record for the early experimental years of any program.

Unhappily, though, the face of it is not quite trustworthy. What it fails to show is the fact that while the government pays the costs of transportation from the reservation, it does not pay for transportation back again. Not, so far as can be learned, under any circumstances. Not though the job is lost. Not for sickness. Not though wife and children, and husband too, hate the new environment and fear it.

"At the time Indians make application for relocation services," a letter from the Denver office states, "it is explained to them clearly that the Bureau of Indian Affairs is unable to pay return transportation to their homes in the event they elect to return." An employee in one of the offices put it more briefly. "We couldn't. When we brought them, we brought them to stay. And besides, if we did, they'd just come for the ride."

Some would come for the ride, no doubt of it. Limits would need to be set. A trial period, perhaps, in the new place? A refusal of aid for any second attempt? But a flat no — a mistake once made and no help, ever, for unmaking it — is unthinkable. The more it is pondered with all the circumstances in mind — the visiting agents, the tempting ready money, the urgency to try the unknown merely because it is the unknown — the more unthinkable it becomes. It is like offering a child who is in your power food he has never yet eaten. If he takes it, tastes it, detests it, still (he being in your power) he must eat it to the last spoonful.

Not all, of course, do eat to the last spoonful. In the two years covered by the record, 1308 (rumor makes it more than twice as many) had already escaped from the consequences of their misjudgment. How? Again, the Denver office: "It is generally known that transportation costs of those who do return are obtained from employment." And how many, lacking those costs, apply to the Bureau for help and are refused? "There is presently no record of persons in this category."

Let it be said at once that refusals are no fault of Mr. Miller, who heads the Denver office and whose past dealings with minority groups are of the best. Neither are they the fault of personnel in the various offices, some of whom show a missionary zeal in their efforts to reconcile newcomers to the new environment. Decisions presumably are made at the top.

Wherever made, however, this is a decision that needs remaking — for the Bureau's own sake. As it stands, it discounts official figures and lends weight to the unofficial. It leaves the door wide open to exaggeration and misunderstanding. And on the reservations and among interested whites,

it breeds a sense of outrage. The Bureau is asking Congress for an extra million this year for this particular program. Surely a fraction of that million spent in returning the unhappy to their homes as readily as they were brought away from them would be money well invested.

2

RELOCATION does not, of course, concern only the relocated. If every one of these stayed, prospered, and was content; or if every one dragged on in misery, longing for escape, still the question of the program's wisdom and purpose would be only a fortieth part answered. Conservatively estimated, more than 200,000 Indians live on reservations. What, if anything, do these think of the emphasis now placed on this particular program? How do they feel it affects their present and their future?

Nobody, of course, can answer for the whole 200,000. It is impossible to say "Indians have found . . ." or "Indians are convinced . . ." — exactly as it is impossible to say the same of Europeans or of white Americans. This much, though, can be ventured: many Indians look upon relocation as a part, and the smaller part, of a concerted Bureau movement aimed at their destruction. Why they believe this, why they continue to believe it in the face of official disclaimers, is not difficult to understand if we recall some of the unsavory history of federal-Indian relations.

Relocation, in itself, is no new thing in that history. Tribes have been relocated time after time. As soon as the land on which a tribe had been placed came to be coveted by whites — farmers, stockmen, miners — that tribe was on the move. Usually the move was westward. Usually, too, it was from better land to worse. The acrid comment of a Navajo teacher, "There is, it appears, an affinity between Indians and worthless land," says a good deal as to why Indians in numbers are suspicious of the Bureau programs of the last half decade, relocation along with the rest.

Two of the justifications for that suspicion cannot be lightly dismissed. For more than a hundred years Indian landholdings decreased steadily in amount. In 1934 the decrease was halted and an upward move began. That upward movement in its turn has now been halted and reversed. Half a million acres were lost to the tribes in 1955 alone, although one of the reasons given for relocation is that there is not enough reservation land to support the Indians. Some reservation lands, too, have become valuable, as they were not when they were set aside for tribal use. The Navajo is an example — land so poor that several hundred acres could barely support a cow; land now so rich in subsoil wealth that prospectors abound in it and mining interests compete for leases.

It is not, then, so much relocation in itself that

is a cause of suspicion as relocation as part of a program that leads to loss of land on the one hand, and on the other to the pushing off by Washington of long-accepted responsibilities. Which leads, of course, to Public Law 280.

What Public Law 280 did was to withdraw from the federal courts in five states — California, Nebraska, Oregon, Minnesota, Wisconsin — their jurisdiction over criminal cases involving Indians and to vest that jurisdiction in the states. It also gave to states other than the five named the power to make the same change on their own initiative. No requirement was laid on them to obtain consent either from the tribal councils within their borders or from the Department of the Interior. Other changes in federal-Indian relations became law at the same time — one ending federal restrictions on Indians' buying of liquor, another doing the same for firearms and ammunition, another authorizing payment for Indian land taken for a reclamation project — but in importance the two provisions first cited, and especially the second of the two, outweighed the rest.

President Eisenhower, though he signed the measure, did so with expressed reluctance, acknowledging "grave doubts" as to its wisdom and urging that it be amended at the next session of Congress. Nonetheless, once a bill reaches the White House desk, it is signed in its entirety or it dies. This one was signed.

Protests came promptly, one of the earliest from the *New York Times*, which had given very full news coverage to the bill. In a soberly worded editorial, the *Times* pointed out what might seem to be obvious, that

in the absence of an emergency, it is usually wiser and safer to withhold approval of a bill until its dangerous provisions are eliminated rather than to grant approval in the hope that at some time in the future they will be eliminated.

A final sentence laid on the Administration and on Congress "the unmistakable responsibility . . . to see that the offending sections are corrected."

Responsibilities unmistakable to an editor, however, can sit lightly on governmental shoulders. If, when Congress reconvened, there was pressure from the White House to alter the law, it was pressure that brought no result. The law stood as it had been signed. A paragraph in the Secretary of the Interior's 1955 report disposes of the subject: —

Amendments were proposed in Congress . . . which would require Indian consent before the extension of State jurisdiction to any Indian reservation. The Department, however, recommended an amendment which would require consultation rather than consent. Neither type of amendment was enacted.

Clearly, a victory for the Bureau. Consent not

necessary. Consultation only at the Bureau's pleasure.

Actually, Commissioner Emmons has been assiduous in seeking out Indian groups. Consultations have been frequent, but they are consultations where unhampered authority speaks on the one side and the subjects of that authority on the other. A blanket congressional resolution made certain that, within very wide limits indeed, authority would be unhampered. In conformity with it, federal responsibility toward Indians has been shifted in many instances away from the Bureau — shifted as fast, apparently, as another body is found willing to assume it. Local Extension agents have begun to supersede those of the Bureau. Public Health Service takes care of Indian health. Indian children (except where distance prevents) go to public schools.

How far the shifts are good, how far bad, from the Indians' standpoint, is still of course a matter of controversy, and will be for a long time to come. One thing, however, is certain: except in the rarest instances and in the smallest degree, the changes were made without that "consent of the governed" which is supposed to be of primary importance in a democratic land. Where consent did come, it came as agreement to a course already charted.

Among the many changes made, those embodied in Public Law 280 stood out from the rest (or did until the spring of '55) in that their effects were swiftly obvious. It is common knowledge that Indians are frequently at a disadvantage in state courts. When the disadvantage leads to obvious injustice, it becomes newsworthy and so perhaps draws enough public notice to bring about correction. Most cases, though, are not newsworthy. The slightly lessened probability of an Indian's being acquitted, the slightly heavier sentence a convicted Indian draws, the extra grain of credence a white jury gives to white witnesses — these are the handicaps under which Indians on trial suffer, and these have no news value.

The handicaps do not, of course, always exist. Discrimination is not present in every state, nor in all trials in any state. It tends, though, to appear oftener in state courts than in federal, and for reasons easily understandable. Until a little over a year ago, the shift made possible by Public Law 280 seemed to have bred more bitterness than any of the accompanying Bureau changes — not only in Indians brought to trial but in those who watched the sometimes lopsided process.

3

THE federal withdrawals cited so far affected many individuals but only as individuals, not as communities. An Indian farmer who complained, "They told us this way [by using local Extension

services] we would have lots of experts to help us. I haven't seen even one expert," was after all only one farmer. An Indian family brooding over its children's difficulties in a white school was still only one family. In May of 1955, however, a move was made which struck at the community—struck at all organized Indian life. A memorandum sent to "all area directors except Juneau," its subject "Issuance of patents in fee to competent applicants," reversed (the word used in the memorandum is "modified") the terms on which an Indian might sell his land allotment.

By the older ruling it was required that the sale "have no serious adverse effect upon the applicant's family, his land, or the tribe," and "would not destroy or jeopardize a timber unit or grazing area." The so-called modification nullified these restrictions. Sale by an individual "need not be subordinated to the interests of his tribe, nor to the management of the land as a part of a timber or grazing unit. . . . In the administration of this liberalized policy you may approve applications for patents in fee on allotments without making arrangements for access to other lands remaining in trust status." The area director may grant applications on his own authority. He may not, though, deny them. "When in your judgment the application . . . should be denied, you should submit the case to this office."

Private associations dedicated to Indian aid are patient groups, careful not to antagonize, trusting to persuasion. This memorandum, though, brought them, fighting, into the field. Within five weeks after it was made public, Indians and whites laboring together, the National Congress of American Indians, the Association on American Indian Affairs, the Indian Rights Association, the Friends' Committee on National Legislation, had taken counsel with one another, had formulated and publicized their protest:—

Both the federal government and the Indian tribes of the country have spent millions of dollars in recent years in order to consolidate their grazing and timber lands. This effort and expenditure is endangered by a change of policy recently stated by the Commissioner of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Glenn L. Emmons, in a memorandum to area directors. . . .

Indian Bureau policy, until this administration, was at least a brake to the sale of lands that would destroy tribal timber or grazing units. The new policy . . . disregards completely the possibility that a land sale may ruin a valuable tribal or grazing unit. It even instructs area directors to disregard the need of preserving access to lands remaining in trust. This policy violates basic principles of land use and conservation.

The change . . . has been adopted without consultation with, let alone the consent of, the Indian peoples—a violation of the promise to consult made by President Eisenhower and reaffirmed as a

Bureau policy numerous times by Commissioner Emmons. . . .

Indian individual trust allotments had been carved out of the lands originally owned by the tribes. . . . Given to individual Indians without charge, it has heretofore been the policy of the Government to require that where an individual sells his interest, the results of his action for the tribe had to be considered. . . .

In the case of grazing units non-Indian stockmen would frequently attempt to obtain control by purchasing so-called "key tracts"—for instance, those having water.

It is the strong opinion of the National Congress of American Indians (an organization composed of Indian tribal and individual members), the Association on American Indian Affairs (a citizen group with a long-standing record of informed concern on Indian matters), the Indian Rights Association (with its tradition of active work in Indian Welfare), and the Friends' Committee on National Legislation that the Indian Bureau's new fee-patent policy will do great harm to the overwhelming majority of American Indians living on allotted reservations.

This was a pronouncement no Administration could wholly ignore. The welfare work of the Friends stands high in public esteem the world over. The National Congress of American Indians, though new, is already of importance. The Association on American Indian Affairs, the Indian Rights Association, both have long and honorable records. Within days other protests came—from tribes, from individuals. How many of these went direct to the Bureau or to the Secretary of the Interior (at that time, Douglas McKay) and now lie in their files is impossible to know. Some protests appeared in local newspapers and in open letters to members of the government. The letters that did reach an audience spread often over a whole field of grievances but with two always at the core: land—its ownership, its protection—and those agreements with the United States government, now being pushed off, which had induced or compelled Indians to surrender other land. An open letter from the Shoshone-Bannock Tribes to Commissioner Emmons is representative:—

We are an aggrieved people. The disappointments and injustices extended to us through the violation of the spirit and terms of our treaties with the United States Government have brought endless humiliation, misery and despair to our people. . . .

We have repeatedly petitioned that the sale of lands on our reservation to non-Indians be prohibited. . . . You have persistently indicated that you will not change your policy of permitting the sale of Indian lands to non-Indians, and you have stated . . . that it is the American Way and the American Tradition.

This may be in the American Way and the American Tradition of ignoring treaties and . . . breaking the pride and will of our people and relocating us. . . . But it is not in the tradition of keeping

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treaties, and it is not in the tradition of Abraham Lincoln.

The same treaties that created Fort Hall Indian Reservation unconditionally guaranteed the fulfillment of every grant for which . . . we do here petition. Are we to expect less of honor from our own government than is exhibited toward . . . foreign nations?

Defense of the Bureau's actions and purposes came from the Commissioner, from the Secretary — usually in speeches and usually with space given to several points other than those involved in the memorandum. None bridged the gulf between the official attitude and that of the protesting groups. If anything, the official pronouncements served chiefly to show how wide that gulf was. Nonetheless, because of the attention the controversy drew, and still more because of an altered climate in Congress, the four associations found some encouragement, chiefly through the increased publicity and support given to their Point 4 Program — their unanimously endorsed plan for reservation betterment.

Point 4 is what its name implies. It urges on Congress and on the Administration the provision of money and technical aid for reservations as these have been provided for foreign nations. It urges that the help be given as it has been to foreign nations — through the established Indian governing bodies and accompanied by counsel, not compulsion.

The chance of such a plan's being taken seriously, adopted, put into execution? At the moment, very slight. The present Commissioner dismisses it as "a tremendous expenditure of Federal funds" made to no purpose because "on most reservations there simply is not enough land to go around," and there are therefore "definite physical limits to what can be done." With some well-informed persons, however, his disapproval, though it cannot be discounted, has less weight because of the land policies

followed during his term of office and because of the years of experience and observation and study of those who formulated the program.

To these and others — a growing number — the program seems to offer the most hopeful solution that has appeared since the Indian Reorganization Act (1934-1953) inaugurated what a Friends' publication named the government's "return to long-forgotten principles of just and honorable treatment for Indians."

There used to be a saying in Washington in the early twenties — perhaps there is still — that any man who let himself be appointed to the Commissionership of Indian Affairs showed by doing so that he was not fit to be a Commissioner. The task is acknowledgedly one of disheartening complexity. Every Commissioner is, in part, the victim of all the Commissioners who have preceded him. He finds himself caught in webs of laws, treaties, resolutions, prohibitions, which he had no hand in making and which may differ from tribe to tribe. Whatever he does, he must do in haste with usually four years or less for his full accomplishment. And he works against a cloud of mistrust grown thick with time.

If the Commissioner, then, seems here to have been cast as the villain of the piece, these handicaps should be remembered. Still more it should be remembered that he does not act alone or solely on his own motion, though he is the one who stands out in full view. Above him is the Secretary of the Interior. Above the Secretary is the President. Behind all three is Congress with its power to initiate legislation, grant or deny appropriations. And behind Congress, of course, lies the huge, often indifferent, bulk of the American people, who, when they care to take the trouble, mark out the path the other four will follow.

So far, in regard to Indians, they have not taken the trouble. Now, with clearly set, opposing programs facing them, it looks a little as though they may begin to do so.



A PLEA TO BOYS AND GIRLS

by ROBERT GRAVES

You learned Lear's *Nonsense Rhymes* by heart, not rote;
You learned Pope's *Iliad* by rote, not heart;
These terms should be distinguished if you quote
My verses, children — keep them poles apart —
And call the man a liar who says I wrote
All that I wrote in love, for love of art.



Born in Nelson, New Hampshire, in 1908, NEWTON F. 'TOLMAN skied to school, fifteen miles, long before the invention of the school bus. At seventeen he quit school but kept on skiing and was a pro for the next twenty years. Still living in Nelson, having been selectman, constable, fire chief, and dogcatcher, Mr. Tolman is now a tree farmer, part-time writer, and licensed guide. With his wife, also a licensed guide, he spends most of his time training grouse dogs while waiting for trees to grow.

SCHUSSING A FEW DECADES

by NEWTON F. TOLMAN

I

IMMENSELY detailed and scholarly books can be found on the history of skiing in Europe. Luckily for the reading public, no such works about American skiing are possible. It took centuries for skiing to spread from Finland to the Alps; over here events began to happen in the late twenties at a clip no chronicler could follow. Looking back over this compressed and scrambled segment of history, many important competitions are but the haziest of memories, while certain unrecorded incidents stand out sharply. Imagine, for example, a downhill race in Newport, New Hampshire, on a very hot day in August. And this was no dream.

The ski madness had but recently infected a lot of people in New England. It had hit them hard; like firewater and the red man. Skiers just couldn't wait for next winter to come, and some misguided fanatic had discovered pine needles were slippery. Being in the ski business, we felt obliged to go along with the idea. As I remember it, a couple of us outstripped the field, having cheated by gluing celluloid to our ski bottoms.

All known technique was useless. The only way to turn was to jump. You had to fend off the pine trees with your poles. We ended up not only bleeding and bruised, but completely black. Dives into pine needles encrusted everything but our eyeballs with dirt, pitch, and sweat. It really combined two sports — skiing and tar-and-feathering.

Fortunately some wandering skiers around that time discovered that winter comes to Chile when summer comes to New England. The thrilling sport of pine-needle skiing was finished.

Out-of-season skiing — on pine slopes, sand dunes, and indoor deathtraps lined with borax — was just one of many odd results of the sudden craze. "Dry-skiing" classes in city gyms were mobbed by eager novices. (Memories of lining up a hundred women in the Y.W.C.A., all in their

skiing gear, and putting them through kick turns and stembogens — what a clatter!) A smart shoe manufacturer made a fortune out of "ladies'" ski boots; the things had pointed toes and couldn't be fitted to any kind of binding.

Many optimists, showing up for lessons in downhill running, were outfitted with Finnish langlauf skis about ten feet long and two inches wide. One chap went around trying to sell a binding of his own invention we called "the bear trap." It gripped the whole leg up to the knee in an arrangement of ratchets, levers, toggles, and springs, and must have weighed twenty-five pounds.

Among my own modest contributions were metal edges made out of bronze clock springs, a patented ski with a stepped bottom, and a technique known as "figure skiing." Using eight-foot double-ended skis, it enabled the skier to approximate, somewhat loosely, much of the repertoire of Sonja Henie.

We even had the temerity to try figure skiing in Austria, where it was received with something less than enthusiasm. I went out alone for a limbering-up of spins and outer-edges on a vast Arlberg slope one afternoon. Coming back to the village I met Herr Direktor of the ski school; he was a sort of regional dictator of everything pertaining to the sport. He stopped. I stopped. He peered at the upturned points of the rear ends of my long skis. Then he said, "Shees for dancing, hey?", roared with laughter, and went on his way. "Very funny, you old goat," I muttered at his departing back. Afterward I took a feeble revenge by doing telemarks around his classes and inviting the instructors to try them. It was strictly verboten to be seen skiing in any other style than that ordained by the master. But some of our American innovations were destined to develop the sport considerably and were later adopted in Europe.

In the early days we had to import all our equip-

ment. A ski was made of one solid piece of wood and could be broken by a bad spill. As a result, we had hundreds of skis smashed for every leg that was broken. Then we started to mass-produce laminated skis, and soon after, metal ones. These are so superior that now we have hundreds of legs smashed for every broken ski.

In the early years we were at great pains to sell the public our belief that skiing was a safe sport. We must have overdone it, because we were besieged by many specimens that would have caused veteran European instructors to throw in the sponge. There were retired bankers in their late seventies who had even given up golf. One large Boston matron, insisting on lessons, probably hadn't taken so much as a short walk in years. With such formidable girth and battlements, when she caught an edge it was like a mighty pine toppling. We would have to round up all hands to get her back on her feet again.

In New Hampshire a few of us took up skiing because the most glamorous alternative winter occupation was the cutting of cordwood. We learned the Norwegian system, which emphasized a graceful, upright posture. The technique was well explained in a book by an Englishman published around 1920. There were many photos of the author in action. He wore knickerbockers, white gaiters, tweed jacket, and square-visored cap, and sported a luxuriant mustache. In every maneuver the straight briar pipe in his mouth lent him an air of calm nonchalance. And his posture was always very upright and graceful. This posture came in handy much later. After some fifteen years of sliding about the slopes all doubled up in a most uncomfortable squat known as the Arlberg crouch, it again became fashionable to stand erect.

There have been, of course, many refinements of the three main systems (Scandinavian, Austrian, and French or parallel) that succeeded each other in American skiing. Some of these refinements: weighting the outer ski; weighting the inner ski; weighting both skis; unweighting both skis; going "down-up-down"; going "up-down-up"; rotating with the shoulders; counter-rotating with the shoulders; and just whizzing down the trail and the heck with all of it.

A point fervently stressed in all the newer systems is the forward lean. For several years some new maestro would come along every winter claiming his method enabled one to lean a degree or so further forward. When the Austrians started infiltrating the Laurentians, bringing this fetish with them, my friend (whom I'll call Pierre) was annoyed.

Pierre, a superbly graceful skier who all his life had been teaching people to run the gentle Laurentian slopes, saw no reason to lean further forward. But all he heard from morn till night was a shouting of "Vorlage! More vorlage!" One day he had an idea. Behind the heelplates of his skis he fastened

metal rings; from these he passed stout straps around his ankles. He then went out and took up a prominent position on the Austrian-staffed school slope. Slowly he bent his lithe form forward until his nose actually touched the points of his skis; then he straightened up and skied victoriously down the slope.

Pierre it was who advocated, with no success, a ski event I would dearly love to see someday. He was sure it would prove more popular than hockey or football. And indeed the idea not only combined some aspects of hockey and football with skiing; boxing and dueling were also thrown in. Two teams were to race six times up and down a rope-tow slope, all at the same time. They would be allowed to shake each other off the rope on the way up, body-check and trip on the way down, generally mixing things up with no holds barred. I'm still hoping some farsighted promoter will get hold of this.

2

IN THE twenties most of the winter fraternity who had risen above the barrel-stave and toe-strap phases could call each other by their first names. Then a Norwegian trader named Hambro ran a cargo of ski equipment into the port of Boston. Oscar Hambro touched off a social revolution in New England equal to the shake-up Admiral Perry gave to old Japan. In no time every New Hampshire hayfield was a potential ski school. The Era of Glamor had dawned. Dodging debutantes was the only serious hazard of the "ski pro." It remains a sociological mystery why so many girls so suddenly wanted to propose marriage, or at least propose, to any male eking out a living on skis. The trouble was, there weren't enough ski teachers to go around — about four, all told, in the East. They had to spread themselves a bit thin until we started importing Swiss and Austrians.

For a while I had a partner who had grown up in North Africa and claimed to be part Arabian. (We used to introduce him as "the only Arab skier in the world" and send him down the slope wearing a headdress like Ibn Saud's.) He was small, skinny, and the homeliest man I ever saw. Yet so many girls were always fighting for his attentions, he almost had a nervous breakdown trying to decide between the richest and the prettiest. He finally went to Alaska and married an Eskimo.

In these days of resort skiing en masse, one doesn't worry about having to crawl down a trail dragging a broken leg. The nation-wide ski patrol is ever alert. But some of the publicity given these people — and I hasten to offer them my sincere tribute — might imply that in earlier times we often left the dead and wounded on the field.

This was not the case. I remember running a narrow trail with an experienced group, when we came upon an unconscious skier. He had ventured

far above his fellow novices and run into a large maple tree. The damage included concussion, a broken back, and some cracked ribs. With great presence of mind we rushed over to a nearby cottage, ripped off a screen door, and used it for a stretcher. We got him down in fine shape except that near the bottom the screen broke and he dropped right through the door. Anyway, we heard later that he recovered.

In the whole history of skiing the largest class ever to be taught by one instructor was not at Sun Valley, as one might imagine, nor even in the Alps. It was in Connecticut. When the boom began spreading southward, a certain large and select girls' school decided to initiate skiing. A young man who had done some professional teaching was found up in New Hampshire. For what looked to him like a Hollywood salary he agreed to drive down once a week.

The young pro arrived for his first workout expecting to teach a couple of sessions with perhaps ten or fifteen girls. He found two hundred, each issued a brand-new outfit, all out on the slope and eager to begin. Desperately trying to figure a way out of this dilemma, he told them all to line up at the top of the open hillside. To make matters worse, there was a breakable window-glass crust on two feet of unbroken snow.

When the whole two hundred were spaced out in line, the poor pro could hardly see to the ends. Hardly any, including some six teachers deployed to keep order in the ranks, had ever before seen a pair of skis.

"All right, come ahead!" the pro yelled, intending to add "One at a time," but it was too late. On that icy crust the whole line was bearing down on him. With the same technique used to escape an avalanche, the pro turned downhill and raced for his life. And when the last flying figure had piled up, about half the girls and five of the six teachers were out of action for the rest of that day at least.

Somewhere around that time we were suddenly jerked into an era of rope tows. They sprang up everywhere, and if the country was flat the optimistic proprietors seemed to think the demand would cause hills to sprout.

Occasionally some debonair skier would get caught by the rope and emerge like a heap of laundry spewed out of an electric wringer — and be quite as lifeless — but this only added to the fun. Even today you can easily spot a veteran of the early tows. Just look for a man with arms about six inches longer than normal and subject to bursitis.

Those of us who survived were rewarded by entering the Golden Age of Non-Climbers. Comfortably relaxed and swaying gently in our seats, we were wafted aloft by the chair lift. Big business, technology, and sport combined at last. Now all we had to do was stuff our pockets with wads of dollar bills, stand in line for an hour or so, and

presently we would arrive at the summit so numbed with cold we wouldn't care how we got down.

One day my wife and I were skiing on a crowded slope when the lift stopped for repairs. We kept right on, making a round trip up and down in little more time than we had been doing via the lift. The idle waiting crowd stared at us as though we were defying the laws not only of gravity but of decent propriety as well. Only then did I realize that a generation of skiers had grown up as ignorant of climbing as we had been when we first saw an uphill ski track. (When we were children a wandering Finn had climbed the hill past our farm; for years we marveled at how he had managed it.)

I remember two trips to Canada. On the first we met thousands of happy, frolicking skiers, all strung out along the Maple Leaf Trail. This trail runs from village to village all across the Laurentians, and we loved it. A couple of years later we found the Maple Leaf deserted. Not a single track marked the perfect powder. But in every village five or six tows were doing a land-office business.

The period of Frechette had begun. Who was Frechette? Well, we were on a large tow-slope at Ste. Adele, or maybe it was St. Sauveur. About every half hour a great shout would go up, "*Make way for Frechette! Make way for Frechette!*" Several hundred skiers would scurry toward the edge of the slope. And presently down would come Frechette, scornful of any sissy attempt at turns to right or left. Crouched so low he could just peer over his knees, poles outstretched like the wings of an eagle, straight down he would sail. Somewhere short of the bottom there would be a sudden wild pinwheel of arms and legs and skis and snow. Then Frechette would gather himself up and start back for another exhibition.

I don't know if it was the late Harvey Gibson or the late Joseph Ryan who first found that it was easier to remove a forest than to ski through one. And I've forgotten which one of them spent the most millions of dollars. In any case, Gibson scraped and polished a knoll in the White Hills, as they were known in pre-Chamber of Commerce days. Ryan did his job on a hirsute height in Canada. Thus was started a new and strange trend.

Formerly, the heir to unusual riches, seeking an exclusive setting for social shivarees, bought an ocean-going yacht, or built a castle, or picked up a defunct Scottish earldom. Now, if your family owns a few railroads or a diamond mine, you buy a mountain. Bulldoze it off, run up some lifts, build a chalet village and a couple of hotels, and there you are. (Note for lesser millionaires: Second-hand mountains can now be bought at half price in the spring, and at even less after a light winter.)

Meanwhile, I think I'll just ski over to that old field on the hill half a mile from where we live. I just want to practice my telemarks where the virgin snow is unmarred and there is plenty of room.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



FRANCES JOHNSON, a native of California, lived in Japan both before and after the Second World War. She holds an M.A. from the University of California, where she majored in Far Eastern History, and her knowledge of and affection for the Japanese were gained at first hand. "I am currently living in California," she writes, "after a roving past which included among other stays a year in India, another in the Fiji Islands, and five years in Occupied Germany." This is Miss Johnson's first appearance in the Atlantic.

THE DAY WE LOST TILO

by FRANCES JOHNSON

WE LOST Tilo (pronounced by himself Tee-lo, for Phillip) on the fourteenth of September, 1949, in Kanda Prefecture, Tokyo.

The day began like any day in fall, hot and languorous even early in the morning, with sounds of geta in the streets, pittapittapittapitta like a light rain, oxen hoofs on cobblestones, the creaking wheels of carts. Already there was dust and pollen in the air, even in the house. I slipped quietly from bed, leaving Bob—I almost thought the Major—still sleeping like a well-built anchovy.

I moved secretly because I wanted these moments for myself, to knit myself and life together before facing the day's bafflements. In the little garden I could be whole. I would step scrunchingly across the hot white gravel to the small pool where late rose and lavender water lilies were even now unfolding to the sun. I would feel the bamboo dipper which rested beside the pool smooth against the palm of my hand. I would sprinkle the stepping-stones leading to the bamboo gate until the pale gray slabs darkened with moisture and the varicolored grains of ore jeweled the pathway in the sunshine. Then I would sit quietly, the moist dipper dripping intermittently in cool trickles down my bare leg, and compose myself.

Silently I dressed, green and white cotton, white sandals, lipstick to minimize too large hazel eyes in a plain face. I made my way downstairs and slid back the shoji screens that opened to our garden, for we lived not in an army billet but in U.S. House 33, a Japanese home used by the Occupation. Tilo was in the garden before me.

He was intensely busy, standing still, watching

the carp in the pool. His browned body, sturdy like Bob's, smooth and pecan dark, was polished with a thin film of perspiration and given a rich patina by the early sun. His scalp showed clean and white and new like rice paper where the sun's rays struck the dark butch of his bent head. He was lustrous as a pearl, there in the morning garden. I ached to clutch his warm skin-smelling body close, but his intensity was so rigid that I was afraid he might shatter in my arms. At that instant he was not eligible for possession.

He was a carp for some moments while I watched, and then for a shorter time a bonsai tree in a bronze container. A trickle of perspiration ran from under his sunward ear down his neck and across his chest. He laughed with a laugh that tilted and rose like linnet's song, splashed himself with a handful of green water, and began a frenzied run around the garden, Tilo again.

"Tilo."

"Ohio, Ohio, Ohio," he chanted in Tilo-Japanese. "Morning, morning. Ohio." Round and round and round, bare brown feet on white gravel, bare brown five-year legs like pumps. He had dressed himself in sun-tan shorts, and he raced in a giddy circle like a chocolate-colored merry-go-round.

"Akiko-san," he shouted.

Our maid, Akiko, a middle-aged Japanese woman, bowed serenely at the back door, smooth and tidy as a marble. Tilo flung himself into her arms unrestrainedly. Her doting was like fertilizing soil which let his shoots push through, nourished but unhampered. I was afraid of blighting him with the intensity of my own devotion, parching and weak-

ening him. How does one learn to give, to offer oneself freely and naturally to another person, to spill over and pour forth one's whole being like a freshet in the spring, to cry Yea to loving and to life?

I glanced back into the garden, retreating visually and spiritually from a problem I could not handle. The street sounds returned in thicker volume. Far down the road the tofu man was crying his bean cake, and from some distant alley sounded the noodle vendor's flute. It was time to start breakfast.

"Why do you let Tilo eat those daikon pickles with his mush?" Bob loomed large and neat at the table, in sun-tans that smelled of arrowroot starch. "Haven't you ever seen the Japanese prepare them, packing them into bamboo tubs with their bare feet?"

Bob, oddly enough, worried more than I about Tilo's physical well-being. I let him buy sweet potatoes on the street and run around without shoes.

"Akiko-san brings them." How limp an attempt to convey my feeling that it was more dangerous to reject love than pickles. Yet if Tilo got a bug.

"Daikon, daikon," he shouted, chomping them down between spoonfuls of oatmeal. He became engrossed in the blue-white pickle dish, spoon suspended in mid-air, the mush slopping on the table.

Bob halted his coffee drinking at the barrier of Tilo's absorption, no way under, over, through.

"Judith, it will be a good thing when Tilo — Phillip — starts to school."

For the first time that morning I loved Bob. How wrong he was as to a solution to the problem of Tilo. "Yes, dear."

Bob rubbed his hand over his own crew cut, rose, and kissed me good-by. Tilo ran back and forth, up and down the hall, bare callused feet like whisks on the tatami.

"Sayonara, sayonara, sayonara."

"Little Nip." Bob reached for Tilo's head, but Tilo had converted himself into the hanging in the tokonoma, and the hand dropped, repulsed. "See you tonight," he added awkwardly.

2

I LEFT Tilo before the scroll and went into the kitchen after Akiko. She was smiling happily into the pickle dish as I entered. We worked together for a while, though it distressed Akiko to have me work beside her, and then I bathed and changed for the Commissary.

"Tilo, let's go."

"Tilo-san, Tilo-san." Akiko had a high bird voice, shrill but sweet, and her notes reached Tilo anywhere in the house or garden. "Tilo-san."

But Tilo did not rush up or answer.

"Tilo."

We ran through all the rooms and through the

garden, calling. When we came together again in the room off the garden, our eyes admitted the truth to each other — Tilo was gone.

I clutched my heart, not a mid-Victorian gesture but an animal response to pain. Akiko emitted a high keening wail. Tilo!

Together we raced down the lane into the dusty main thoroughfare. It was all strange, strange. There was no familiar sight in all this world, in the hot dusty street with rows of carts, some hauled by people and some by animals, in the narrow branching alleys where white characters painted on red or blue strips of cloth advertised their wares in an unintelligible ballet, in tiny women bunched into bulky work pants, in well-muscled men with hand towels bound round foreheads to catch their perspiration. Disjointed world. Cries I could not translate to words. Placards I could not read. Expressions I could not fathom. Into this world Tilo had vanished, and I, I too was lost.

Akiko was running to each passer-by and clutching him with frantic hands. A torrent of words poured from her, heads shook, men and women turned to each other, everyone began to run and peer into shops up and down the maze of lanes. I grabbed Akiko.

"Arigato, arigato," I cried, restored in part to sanity by the confusion about me. "Akiko, come."

I drew her back to the house. The telephone.

"Give me the MPs. Mochi, mochi, M-u, P-u. Oh, Military Police? I've lost my little boy. Tilo. Phillip Carradine. Age five. Dressed in tan shorts . . . yes, that's all. U.S. House 33. Hurry, please."

"Major Carradine . . . Bob. Tilo's gone. I don't know how long. An hour maybe. Yes, the MPs. They'll work with the Japanese police? Yes, I'll stay right here. I don't know how it could happen. You will . . . in the jeep? Yes, here by the telephone. I will. I promise. Hurry . . ."

The Japanese police arrived first, two small men in shabby blue serge uniforms, one of whom talked and one of whom wrote Japanese characters with a ball-point pen in a black notebook. The talking one questioned me in English and Akiko in Japanese. He seemed most efficient, but his scornful glance at Akiko as they departed made me think. Akiko wore a look of . . . of doom, there was no other word. Old Japanese traditions flashed into my mind — seppuku, leaps into Mount Fuji, plunges over the waterfall at Lake Chuzenji, the Forty-seven Ronin, Butterfly.

"Akiko-san, not your fault. My fault. It will be all right. O.K. Tilo will come back."

She bowed.

"Please, Akiko, please."

I sat down on the ledge of the tokonoma to catch my breath. There were three chrysanthemums in a porcelain vase, piercing in their perfection of line, insistently beautiful in spite of human pain.

"Ma'am?" There were two MPs at the door.

I brushed back a strand of hair. "Please come in. I'm Mrs. Carradine."

One MP was tall, lanky, lean-faced, and sandy-colored; the other was short, stocky, dark, with a bullet head and ruminant eyes. The stocky one, I learned, was from Montana and the lanky one from Texas. They had both tracked down hundreds of lost children in the South and West.

"You jest repose yore mind, ma'am. We'll find yore little boy. We ain't never lost a little American boy here yet. None's even fell into the Emperor's moat. Yo're all tensed up. I know how it is, ma'am. It's the littleness of everything here, makes you kinda nervous like, havin' things so small."

A thread of laughter drew itself through fear. How mixed and glinting all emotion is. This lump of fright cleaved by the yellow line of mums upon a branch, strung through with trembling mirth.

"You see, Sergeant, my home is in Rhode Island."

He had a slow warm grin that filled out his lean face. "There's somethin' ridiculous about this whole business," he drawled philosophically, "you an' him an' me, in this . . ." His wide gesture included the house, the garden, all Japan.

A sergeant with sensitivity and proportion.

"Judith-u-san, prease." Akiko tugged my skirt. "Priest here . . . takuhachiso-san."

True enough, a mendicant priest in a short black Buddhist robe and an inverted flower-basket straw hat upon his head was standing silently in the entrance. In his left hand he held a wooden begging bowl and in his right a tall wood staff.

"Hojo-san, hojo-san," Akiko bowed.

The Texas sergeant ambled over and struck up a three-way conversation with undoubted authority and apparent, and I suspected ungrammatic, ease. A stream of Japanese flowed from all sides. The stocky sergeant pocketed his notebook, shook his bullet head, and unwrapped a stick of gum. Noting my isolation from the general scene he gallantly extended the package.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he apologized.

I started to refuse, but caught myself up in time. "Thank you." I unwrapped and folded as I had seen him do. The sugar sweetness in my mouth made me feel ill.

"This priest-san here's seen yore little boy down the bookstore way," Texas volunteered.

"Oh!"

"There, there, take it easy, ma'am. The boy had on a paper hat an' was beatin' away on a big drum with a lot of little Japanese kids. He looked right happy. Mustang and me'll head right over an' check." He signaled the gum-chewing sergeant with a jerk of his head, and then scrutinized my face. "That's a purty little garden you got there, Miz Carradine. Why don't you go set in it for a spell an' kinda rest up a bit." I must look a ghost from shock and gum. "Think about Rhode Island."

In my excitement I could think of no place to toss the gum. It loomed an insuperable problem. I finally put it in my handkerchief and handed the whole to Akiko. I had better take the sergeant's advice.

3

I WENT and sat on a warm rock beside the pool. The receding voices of the sergeant and the priest were still audible. As a final sound came the chink of metal in a wooden bowl. It was comforting to have such a thoughtful person searching for Tilo. How had the priest known? How had he recognized Tilo and come here to me? How? The hairs on the back of my neck prickled, and the garden and the sounds from the street once again turned strange.

"Judith-u-san, Judith-u-san," Akiko was bowing faster than ever in the opening which led to the garden, "the Genelal, the Genelal." Her eyes were enormous, and I could see her heart pounding through the blue and white yukata.

"Mrs. Carradine?"

It was the General, tall, straight, antique-featured, formidable, like an ancestral painting framed in shoji with a little garden in the foreground for scale and contrast.

"Please." I rose.

He motioned me back with his hand. "Shall we sit out here? The maid can bring me a chair from the house. Don't be alarmed." A glint of laughter sparked in his eyes, like ore through the wetted steppingstones. "There's nothing portentous about my visit. I called to reassure you. We'll find your son." He sat regally in the chair which Akiko between bows had managed to place in the garden. I reacted between laughter and anger at his calm, pompous assurance in the face of all eventualities. I started to snap "It's not your son," when I looked closely into the strong face, tired in the full sunlight as it had not revealed itself to be in the dimmer passageway. Despite my skeptically trained mind I felt reassured in his presence.

The humor shone again. "We are surprisingly efficient for an Occupation."

"May I offer you something — coffee, tea, a drink perhaps?"

He shook his head. He looked about the garden, seemingly. His eyes followed the steppingstones to the gate.

"Is this the way your son left?"

"I don't know. The last time I saw him was in the entranceway. He was standing in front of the tokonoma, looking at the scroll. Not really looking at it, either." I saw the sturdy brown body and the cropped head and the firmly set brown dirty feet. "He has a way of *becoming* whatever catches his attention. At times it can be very perturbing."

The steady gaze returned to the steppingstones and the gate. His eyes clouded as if he were looking far back, or far ahead.

"Can't you feel what this would mean to a little boy —" his hand indicated the stones and gate in a fine expansive gesture — "this beckoning invitation? Step along my jagged path. Open my golden gate. Here lies the world."

"I never thought of it like that. To me the garden has always been a . . . a sanctuary."

He studied me and the small enclosure, quite perfect in its line and form. "Yes, yes, I can see that. But one should first step out before coming back to rest." He paused. "Perhaps. Possibly for saints and poets it's different." He smiled and rose, declining to judge. I rose with him and started toward the house. Akiko was already rushing toward the front door.

"Don't go in. The garden suits you. Try not to worry. Your boy'll be back. I'd like to meet him someday. I'll leave by the gate."

The garden was much too small for him. The gate too. He turned when he was half in, half out, and raised his hand in an old Roman gesture, *ave atque vale*. It was theatric, but moving, too.

To my amazement I found myself crying. Once started, the tears kept on coursing down my cheeks. It was not only for Tilo who was lost and the fear that tied an indissoluble knot in my stomach and lay there through visitors and conversation and chrysanthemums and Akiko's endless comic bowing. It was partly for myself, that I had never seen the gate as an invitation and that gestures were so alien and difficult for me. And it was partly for the policemen, whose blue serge uniforms were so shiny-shabby, and for the Sergeant because Japan was so small for him, and for Tilo and the General because one always ultimately has to exit through the gate alone.

"Judith." Bob rushed into the garden and caught me close. "Judith, don't take on so. It'll be all right, dear. I didn't mean to sound so harsh over the phone. Please, Judith."

It was quite consoling sobbing in Bob's arms in the hot sunshine, but it was obtaining love through false pretenses. I was not crying out of remorse or terror over Tilo but through the luxurious self-indulgence of *Weltschmerz*. My guilty conscience forced me to draw back stiffly.

"I'm all right, Bob. I should have watched him. But the General says he'll get Tilo back."

Because of my withdrawal, or my statement, Bob became the Major again. "The General!"

"He came about Tilo."

"Here?" Bob made his usual bewildered gesture of hand through hair. "He must think we're terribly inefficient parents, losing our son."

"No, no, he didn't, Bob, really. I don't believe he thought about efficiency at all. Do you know, he and Tilo have much in common. Only the General observes and weighs, and Tilo *is*."

"What did he say? What did you do?"

"We talked about the garden."

"You talked about the garden. Judith, my God!"

"Can't you believe me, Bob? It was . . . right."

He dropped into the vacant chair and kneaded his temples with fists. One night almost seven years ago we had stood together on the sand watching a moon-path on the Atlantic. An unexpected wave had drenched us, and sopping wet, eyelashes pointed and hair stringy with salt water, noses and chins adrip, Bob had asked me to marry him.

"I believe you, Judith." He lifted his puzzled face. "I'm not much good at moods and things. I can't often follow you. Or Tilo. Where do you go? What's it mean to you? Why? Even like letting him eat those pickles." His voice rose. "You know those damned pickles aren't good for a kid. He'll get liver flukes or dysentery."

Right after I'd said "yes" that night, Bob was worried about my catching cold.

"Can you take off the rest of the day to look for Tilo, Bob?"

"Yes. Sure. You stay here." He was all purpose and action again. "There's a million kids all over Kanda, weaving around with one of those portable shrines and beating drums and chanting."

"Are there, Bob? What a wonderful day Tilo picked for going out the gate!"

Bob looked at me peculiarly. "Judith, you'd better lie down and rest a bit. Take a sedative." He patted my arm with awkward vigor. "We'll find Tilo all right."

4

THEY never did find Tilo. Not Bob who rushed precipitously forth, a field-grade St. George, nor the Japanese police, nor the American MPs; not all the forces of the Occupation nor the Occupied.

Tilo found himself. About five o'clock, when the day had turned to honey, thick and sweet with the heated richness of autumn, as I sat numbed within the garden, I heard suddenly, above all the home-going noises in the far street, Tilo's clear piping voice enunciating politely, "Arigato, gosai-masu."

Charged with vitality, I ran and flung open the bamboo gate. "Tilo!"

He was a long way off at the end of the narrow path that led to the main street. The setting sun was behind him, creating a black paper cutout of Tilo's return — the rear end of an ox, tail flicking against flies, the rubber-tired front wheels of a loaded cart, a Japanese farmer in khaki pants and inner tube geta with a rice straw hat atop his head, the foremost row of a line of wooden buckets, the dipper end of a huge, muchly stained ladle, and atop the highest bucket, arms held confidently out to the farmer, Tilo in all his glory.

"Arigato," he called again as the farmer carefully deposited him on the ground. He put his dirty heels together and bowed quite formally, ridiculously ceremonial.

The farmer bowed in return and catching sight of me transfixed in the gateway he bowed and bowed toward me. I bowed and bowed in return.

The farmer made a clucking noise with his tongue, the strain of tugging rippled along the ox's rump, his tail slashed, the wooden tongue jerked, and the heavenly cart disappeared from sight in a series of creaks and a long line of covered buckets.

"Hello, Mama." Hippety-hop, skippety-skip, Tilo came barreling down the path.

"Tilo!"

How splendid he was. As he raced nearer, the full bedazzlement of his added attire burst upon my amazed sight. Lo, he was adorned in a blue crepe-paper hat tied under his chin with long red streamers that fluttered behind him as he ran. About his neck like a pendant hung a red-lacquered Buddhist fish bell. In his right hand like a scepter he brandished a padded drumstick with which to beat the bell. In his left he clutched a gummy soybean cake with a temple stamp baked into its once golden crust.

"Tilo." I knelt in the gateway and clutched him hungrily to me. "Tilo, darling."

I buried my face in his sweet, fat, dirty neck. He smelled more than sweaty.

"It's not me, Mama," he cried. "It was the bucket. Hi, Akiko-san. Konichi-wa. Komban-wa."

And suddenly everyone was there, all jamming into the garden, Bob and the two policemen and the two sergeants and the mendicant priest, and they were all exclaiming and shaking hands and bowing. Akiko tossed a yellow-striped dishtowel over her face to hide her emotions, but that did not stop her in the least from bending up and down, up and down. Everyone had to explain just how he had sighted Tilo and then lost him, only for a second, you understand, and then picked up the trail again. And then the telephone began to shrill, and it was the General.

"Mrs. Carradine? I hear your son is back. How is he?"

"He's . . . he's wonderful!" Like a flood it poured over me just how wonderful Tilo's departure and return really were. "Why, it's like a miracle. You know. You understand." I was babbling into the telephone, unable to halt my flow of words. "Tilo went out through the gate with nothing, and he's come back with a blue crepe-paper hat and a red fish bell and a drumstick and a temple cake with soybean paste inside." I was laughing and crying together. "And he's brought all Japan back into the garden with him, soldiers and police and a priest, the whole world right into the little garden."

As I bumbled the words there rose before me quite clearly the vision of the General himself as he sat in the garden that afternoon, so royal in the teakwood chair, so gloriously ham in the garden gate. Yet impressive too. "As a moral lesson to us

both," my laughter this time was genuine, not hysterical, and a goodly portion of it was directed at myself, a grown Rhode Island woman who had been gushing, "Tilo came back riding atop a honey bucket, and he smells."

The General's own laughter pealed out over the telephone, rich and warm and human. Everyone in the garden, Bob, the sergeants, the police, the priest, and presumably Akiko, listened wide-eyed and open-mouthed.

"Judith." Bob, the Major, was horror-struck.

"Thank you for telling me," the General's voice came through the receiver. "Some afternoon, after a very important meeting, may I stop by for tea?"

Bob was rubbing his head again. The rest of the ensemble was standing by, à la Greek chorus.

"Please, won't you all sit down."

Most of them did. It was a long while before we finally cleared the garden. The Japanese police wrote reports. The sergeants wrote reports. The Buddhist priest meditated. I routed Akiko upstairs to draw a long hot sudsy bath for Tilo. Finally everyone was done. The soldiers saluted and left. The police bowed and retired. Bob and I stuffed money into the Buddhist begging bowl. The priest remained impassive before the donation, but as he also withdrew, his eyes rested softly upon Tilo, who was at that moment being the red fish bell.

"Nice boy-u," he said.

"Thank you very much."

"Sayonara."

"Judith!" Bob yelled in his Major voice, "Tilo's got something in his pocket and he's eating it."

It was seaweed, little black squares of seaweed that Japanese children buy from street vendors as a treat.

"He's been sitting on that bucket of night soil and now he's eating seaweed out of his pocket!"

"Oh, Bob, it won't . . ." To sense another's need, to gain insight from this revealing day, to give oneself, respond, to yield. "Yes, dear. Tilo, honey, give Mama the seaweed."

Dutifully he handed it over and trudged off upstairs to be bathed. His linnet laughter tumbled down to us, fresh as the morning, unexhausted by the adventures of the day.

The garden was empty but for Bob and me. Twilight dissolved its outlines. The leaves lost their definition, and the steppingstones blended imperceptibly into the surrounding gravel. The street sounds entered muted through the cooling air and the bamboo gate, the wonderful symbolic bamboo gate, and floated free in the lavender light.

I opened my arms wide to Bob.

"Judith."

The captured seaweed fell from my unresisting hand into the fishpond, and a carp leaped in the quiet evening.

Upstairs, I knew it very well, Tilo was gaily stuffing down the dirty soybean cake in his bath.



Is it true that talent will out? Or is it truer to say, as WALTER PACH believes, that there are submerged artists in every generation, painters whose excellence is not recognized until long after their deaths? Artist and author, Walter Pach studied at the New York School of Art and at the Académie Ranson in Paris, and in addition to his one-man shows has exhibited with the Independent Artists yearly since 1917. He is the biographer of Seurat, Duchamp-Villon, Van Gogh, and Ingres, and is the author of widely read studies on modern art.

SUBMERGED ARTISTS

by WALTER PACH

1

THERE are ideas which, once grasped, seem so logical and right that we wonder why people had not hit on them before. To be sure, when we learned as children that the earth is round and not flat, we could easily understand how natural was the argument offered to Columbus by the kindly old prelate who said, "But, my son, suppose the world is indeed round like this orange, and you travel down one side of it, how will you ever get back again — how can you travel upward on the other side?" And so in art, when it was discovered that to represent distance, one has to make parallel lines — railroad tracks, for example — run together, no one thinks that means derailing trains: perspective, a great discovery in the past, is now just a natural part of our thinking.

To an extent all artists are discoverers. As Matisse once wrote, they are not discoverers of any new truths, for there are none, essentially: there are only new combinations among old truths. It is this that gives to certain men their air of originality and that makes people call them "ahead of their time." Even if they cause a stir in that time, the full significance of their work will not be evident till long afterward, and they may be forgotten, submerged under the mass of the world's interests, for a very considerable while.

How long that can be is attested by the case of El Greco. Though he had many orders for portraits and religious works in Toledo, the opposition of the King prevented a wider success for him, and he remained unknown, except to a narrow circle, until late in the nineteenth century. That was true not alone of countries outside Spain, but of the land of his adoption, and to the extent that two men whom I knew well were able to buy paintings by the master in Madrid for as little as ten dollars apiece.

Van Gogh's sudden emergence from total ob-

scurity will recur to everyone's mind, and similarly with Seurat. A friend of mine used to buy drawings by Seurat, back in the nineties, for two francs each, and they were the same kind of drawings that have sold in recent times as high as 30,000 francs (gold value).

The difference in prices, each time, has derived from the old law of supply and demand, which in art matters is principally a result of the degree to which the artist is known.

In beginning to consider our own submerged artists, it may seem absurd to mention John Singleton Copley; even people without an interest in art know his likenesses of Revolutionary heroes such as Samuel Adams and Paul Revere, while his portraits of leaders in the business life and the social life of the Colonies have established our notion of what early Americans were like. But suppose that photography had existed at that time; we should have a far more extensive record of the period and its great men, so that to look on Copley just from the historian's point of view, or that of the antiquarian, is to ignore his importance as an artist. That is what most people have done.

Thus we may perfectly well begin our revaluations by noticing that artists are often admired for qualities that were in them, to be sure, but are not the most important ones. Especially conspicuous in illustrating this point is Samuel F. B. Morse. His fascination with the telegraph so obscured his admirable work as a painter that it was only some twenty-five years ago that an exhibition of his pictures made the general public aware how distinguished he was in the field to which most of his long life had been passionately devoted. And we have yet to see anything like a satisfactory showing of the beautiful art of the man best known for his work in developing the steamship and the submarine, Robert Fulton.

Turning now to a submerged artist who has no such hold on fame as the telegraph or our maritime progress, we come to a name which, if it indeed appears in every complete book on our country's painting, is perhaps not even a name to innumerable Americans of culture. That is John Vanderlyn. When I once proposed a show of his work to the director of an important museum entirely devoted to American art, I found that the conscientious person I was addressing knew nothing of this painter.

Yet Vanderlyn had been a marked man in his day. Aaron Burr, in his patronage of the artist, was perhaps inspired by the example of his chief, Thomas Jefferson, so brilliant in his appreciation of art, and even in creating it through his superb architectural work in Virginia. At all events, it was to Paris, where Jefferson had developed his art ideas, that Aaron Burr sent Vanderlyn, the first of our painters to study there. Not many years later, the young American entered a competition in which some 1500 artists took part, and was awarded the first prize, a gold medal which Napoleon himself pinned on the painter's coat.

When he returned to New York, his great ambition was to build a museum here — one that would do for his countrymen what the Louvre and other old-world treasure houses had done for him in his desire to know art. He went heavily into debt to put up the building and to obtain works for it. But the scheme was a failure, commercially; and Vanderlyn, entering on a bankruptcy from which he never could extricate himself, went back to Kingston on the Hudson, whence he had come. He got a living through making portraits of people in the small town and its surroundings, and there, until nearly this day, remained the panels of his panorama of Versailles, as the glorious gardens and palace looked when the notables of all Europe attended the Emperor's promenades there. In 1954 the panorama was presented to the Metropolitan Museum by the Senate House of Kingston, once the capital of the state of New York. Since the vast painting had been stored in an old barn for over a century, considerable repairs to it were needed. The first step was to order from a weaver in Belgium 165 feet of special canvas to serve as a support. When mounted on this, the old work showed up extremely well. Even so, more than a year was required for getting it into final shape for exhibition in the museum, where it is shown as it was in "The Rotunda," the building erected by the painter in New York.

Even more completely submerged was John Quidor. He had no such history as Vanderlyn, nor visits from the eminent persons who at times sat for Vanderlyn. In fact, we know but little of Quidor, save that his long life in New York (1801-1881) was principally occupied with decorative painting of a humbly commercial type, the old-time fire

engines on which he lavished his skill, being one of the chief sources of his living. A good deal of his time must have gone into the work of merely keeping alive, for the canvases which tell of his extraordinary talent are few in number despite the persistent search for them in the time since he was discovered for us anew through the study of John I. H. Baur. It resulted in the first exhibition ever given of Quidor's work, held at the Brooklyn Museum in 1942. That his pictures were the real interest of the artist's fourscore years will never be doubted by anyone who notes the flaming intensity he gave to the scenes he portrayed. Very often they were inspired by the books of Washington Irving, but the charm of that delicately accomplished writer does not prepare one for the dramatic vehemence of the painter. He occupies a place between Washington Allston and Albert P. Ryder among the authentic visionaries of our art.

Before proceeding with Ryder, we must pause for a moment devoted to William Rimmer. His biographer, Lincoln Kirstein, sums up his position when he writes of the artist: "Well known in his own time, his name today only evokes the question: who was William Rimmer?" Few are the people who could make even a start at an answer by pointing to Rimmer's statue of Alexander Hamilton, though it stands in such a distinguished setting as Boston's Commonwealth Avenue. I remember the astonished admiration of visitors to the Armory Show of 1913 when they came on the drawings by Rimmer that were there; and even more amazement at the man's powerful spirit and powerful execution was expressed when, in 1946-1947, the Whitney Museum of American Art and the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston gave an exhibition of his work. Despite fifty years of passionately concentrated effort and despite recognition of that effort by certain appreciative men in the America of his day, Rimmer was, in later times, a forgotten artist. A well-known critic described the "Hamilton" as a "snow image which had partly melted," and he could defend his judgment through the words of Rimmer's follower, Daniel Chester French. That sculptor, who was to help in preserving the work of his early mentor, could however write: "His was an unhappy and unsuccessful life. He just missed being great." The damning "faint praise" of such pronouncements, like the ridicule of William Howe Downes, the critic quoted just previously, relegated Rimmer to his place among the submerged artists.

Coming back now to Ryder, we must remember that if he painted for a very limited audience, the fact is due far less than in Rimmer's case to hostility among artists, public, and critics. It arose chiefly from a hermit quality in the man, something that made him prefer the squalor of the tenement house in which he lived to the comfortable

surroundings, that his friends tried to provide for him. Obstinate staying on, remaining in his slum, he continued with the endless repainting of the few canvases which comprise his lifework. Many a masterpiece was still in his possession when he died, though some of them had been commissioned (and paid for) years previously. There was, indeed, grave misunderstanding of his noble talent on the part of some of the "successful" artists around him; but he was a submerged artist by reason of an exceptional temperament far more than for the usual cause, a failure by the surrounding world to realize what it possessed in him.

Such a failure in our appreciation is what we come upon when we read the record as to Thomas Eakins and Maurice B. Prendergast. Today they are both so well known, so deeply admired, that it is difficult to convince oneself that, only a few years ago, the reverse was true. A leader of society in Philadelphia, where Eakins lived all his life, was giving a dinner in honor of John Sargent, and asked him for any suggestion of guests whom he would care to have present. To his infinite credit, Sargent asked her to invite Thomas Eakins, whom he had never met. The lady turned surprised eyes on the famous portraitist, and said, "Of course, but who *is* this Mr. Eakins?" — the same question that we have heard as to Rimmer.

Similarly, when I wanted to call on Maurice Prendergast for the first time, forty-odd years ago, I had the greatest difficulty in finding anyone in Boston to inform me of his address. Some did not even know that he lived in the city, as he had done for just about fifty years. Finally John Potter, the Keeper of Paintings at the Museum, said it was somewhere on Mount Vernon Street, and that if I asked from door to door where the two artist brothers had their studio, I should track him down, which I did. Yet among the people I had inquired of was one quite famous art professor who put me off with something like pained indignation, saying, "Prendergast? Prendergast? Why, his paintings hurt my eyes!" The remark, like the criticisms of Rimmer, leads us to the reason why the artists we are discussing remain outside the current that sweeps others to success in terms of fame and fortune. "His paintings hurt my eyes" were the words of a Brahmin whose annual trips to Europe had brought him into contact with leading authorities on art. Indeed, already at this time or soon afterward, the advice of a most distinguished collector had led him to buy a Cézanne, the first oil by that painter to reach America. Showing it to me and perhaps misinterpreting my expression of surprise, he said, "Oh, I've nothing to worry about. Vollard, the dealer, signed a paper for me that he'd buy it back at any time, and at an advance in price according to the number of years that I kept it."

Imagine a dealer doing that for a Prendergast! Or indeed, imagine Prendergast having a dealer at all, at that time. It was four years later that he first got more than a pittance for a canvas of his — at the Armory Show in New York. That caused him to move to the latter city, since his own museum of Boston did not then own a picture by him, as it did not for many years afterward.

Eakins, to be sure, could exhibit at the academies of Philadelphia and New York, his standing among artists being very considerable. But with the public he was not much better off than with the society leader before mentioned. He was known in certain circles, but was so little admired that, more than once, when he had presented works of his to persons visiting his studio, they "forgot" the pictures on leaving the house, and never returned for them. What should they do with things so "dull and ugly"? How could they foresee that, in time, those words of description would be changed to "vital and splendid"? Like most people, his visitors were in the rut of received ideas, and originality was objectionable to them.

To men of corresponding ideas in Paris, it was doubtless a perverse, even blasphemous streak in Cézanne which made him speak of doing over the work of Poussin on a basis of nature. The name of that master of the *Grand Siècle* in the mouth of the "incompetent" with his travesties of nature! As for his endless studies at the Louvre, his copying a drawing by Signorelli there, and his use of it in compositions of his own, the "guardians of tradition" would have shrugged their shoulders in contemptuous pity.

Such was their attitude toward Gauguin with his admiration for the wayside shrines of peasant sculptors in Brittany, and the even more calamitous influence he brought from South Sea "savages." For a much longer time, Van Gogh was submerged beneath epithets like madman, pronounced by those who knew of his existence at all. To be sure, Jongkind and Méryon had been mentally disturbed, the former slightly, the latter violently. But during the decades before Van Gogh came to recognition the two older "crazy" men had long since been consecrated by their success in the salesrooms of the dealers.

Possibly it is only fair to recall that Cézanne vigorously expressed his disapproval of Gauguin and Van Gogh. We may recall also that Renoir stood out against Seurat, and that he himself, thirty years before, had been ridiculed by Manet, who in his earlier days had had the same treatment from Courbet. Following on with such instances, we can go back to Michelangelo with his well-documented expressions of antagonism toward Leonardo, Raphael, and Titian. But when we come to such opinions of great painters, all it means is that they were absorbed in their own

problems to a degree that prevented their seeing the good in the men whose personalities were different, at times opposed, even, to theirs. Michelangelo himself indicated this when he said after Raphael's early death, "Had he lived longer, we should have been friends." There is no similarity between the hot resentment of the creative man who, during his travail, feels himself challenged by rival geniuses, and the dull failure of the crowd and its leaders to respond to new inspiration.

2

ONCE more returning to our country and our time, I want to speak of three men recently deceased and two still among us. They are John B. Flannagan, A. S. Baylinson, M. A. Tricca, George Constant, and George F. Of. Of the five, only Flannagan's work has been acquired or even shown by New York's Museum of Modern Art.

That fact scarcely confirms my optimism about an accelerating pace in our appreciation of contemporary effort. More serious even than that admission is the doubt one may feel as to whether the word "modern" in the title of that museum has not hypnotized its officials into substituting it for "good" or the like, in deciding as to the admission of new work. Or is it that "modern art" is accepted on the terms laid down by its enemies? The latter see it as something queer and abnormal, something whose "abstraction" departs not only from natural appearances but also from the great tradition which, as I maintain, has been continued by all five of these men.

We may rejoice that John Flannagan's life of heart-rending struggle was rewarded by more than a beginning of success with several of our best museums and collectors before his too early death. But aside from this personal view of the matter, there is a deeper significance to the fact. An illustrated catalogue of the memorial exhibition of Flannagan's work reached me while I was in Mexico, and I showed it to a number of the very able Mexican artists I knew there. Always pleased when they could find evidence of admiration for the art of their country, ancient or modern, they noted the fact that the subject of a massive Aztec carving, a grasshopper, appeared again in the sculpture by the latter-day American. The unusual theme of the two works led them to think that Flannagan had inspired himself from their "classic." But we have the testimony of the sculptor that such was not the case, and that his motive in portraying the grasshopper was to expiate a bit of cruelty he had been guilty of as a child, when he had wantonly pulled off the wings of one of those insects. The relationship with the animal world denoted by this long memory is something peculiarly of this continent; so those Mexican artists, inheritors of a past much con-

cerned with animals, were not so wrong, after all, in sensing a kinship between their own sculpture and that of the modern from afar off.

Besides the grasshopper, Flannagan's subjects included the snake (a chief interest of ancient Mexico), the toad, the alligator, and the goat. The last-named work has, however, to do with the sculptor's Celtic ancestry, for the *Figure of Dignity* in the Metropolitan Museum has as its subtitle *Irish Mountain Goat*, and was a homage to the spirit he felt in the land of his forefathers, when on a visit there. In any event, I believe that Flannagan's throwing new light on one of the most ancient of human interests — animal life — is ample justification for my ascribing a traditional quality to these very modern men.

If it be objected that subject matter and artistic character are quite separate issues, I will of course agree; and though I could very well have dwelt on the "new" quality in Flannagan's approach to his work, I preferred to emphasize the element of idea with him, and shall, with the second of these artists, particularly discuss the manner of his expression.

A. S. Baylinson was one of our men who very quickly saw the validity of the Cubists' investigation of form, and who did distinguished painting along such lines. But, as with a number of other men, in various countries, his work evolved through Cubism to a deeper understanding of the possibilities inherent in a naturalistic approach to art. The prime example of such a development is to be seen in Derain, the man who suggested to Picasso and Braque the idea of Cubism, and who did work clearly marking out the directions that were followed by those two admirable painters.

But soon their would-be successors were hollowing out a groove for the "academy of the left," whose influence has been as deadening as that of the academic bodies of the last century. Naturally the groundlings of today, like the schoolmen of the earlier time, are disconcerted and hostile when a man like Derain turns his back on them. The reason for his change of direction was his need once more to face the Sphinx that nature continues to be. His case is significant in a discussion of submerged artists because his acclaim, throughout the years before modern art was confused with non-objective art, has been replaced by a sort of embarrassed silence when his name is mentioned at all. Perhaps now that he is dead, we may witness exhibitions such as he once had and which, of late, have been so conspicuously lacking. Should that occur and his continuing modernity be realized, people may see that Baylinson also, in his far more limited achievement, was contributing to the maintenance of true standards in art.

M. A. Tricca's delicate but positive work may well be placed beside that of Giorgio Morandi. The

latter, one of the best men in Italy's present renewal of its art, is giving evidence that the excesses of modernism which distorted Italian production for a while are subsiding, and that we are now to see a more balanced expression of the present-day vigor of the country. The same thing is occurring with Tricca, now coming to recognition as one of our really fine painters. At the Chicago Art Institute, his powerfully asserted figure of a nude girl rising from her bed is perhaps a token of the more dynamic phase of modern art; the canvas by him at the museum of Hartford, of a gentler mood and of subtler color, though even more firmly constructed than the work mentioned just before, testifies to an increasing calm — due to increasing confidence — among painters who have weathered the rougher years of our time, and can see more clearly its relationship with the classical elements in art.

The last thing to be inferred from such an evolution would be a loss of personality, and one of the last men of whom such a loss could be suspected is George Constant. Indeed, for many people, the very individual quality of his painting may well have seemed its chief quality. The round, wonder-filled eyes of *Solitude*, that dream-figure of his at the museum of Detroit; the naïve, almost childlike personages of his painting in its earlier decades, recurred so often that one could think that insistence on his personal vision might be the explanation of his having developed a public of his own. That was firmly disproved by a later stage in his work. Instead of the moonlight colors he had used before, Constant moved on to full-bodied reds and yellows akin to those of the French Fauves, and yet as personal as his earlier work. These later years have seen him developing a "building block style" that could apply admirably to the decoration of our big modern edifices. Their stonework must not lose its integrity or the clarity of function attained when architecture divested itself of the gingerbread frosting of the nineteenth century. But the bare forms that remained have been crying out, also, for more of a human quality; and with the lovers that Constant can see portrayed in his most austere tributes to the beauty of stone, there is indeed a warmth that is lacking in pure geometry, plane or solid.

I first heard of George Of in Paris, many years ago, from Mrs. Michael Stein, the most sensitive member of that family which included Leo and Gertrude Stein. She had been foremost among them in their admiration for Matisse, whose pupil she became. Therefore I think it impossible that she was forgetting the French artist when she told me that Mr. Of's gifts as colorist went beyond those of anyone else she had known.

He had returned to America some time before, and on my own return I lost no time in looking

him up. Mrs. Stein's description of him seemed to me fully justified, and when he was persuaded to exhibit, in 1914, Arthur B. Davies, a most discerning appreciator, affirmed that the future of American art depended on our discovering more men of the type of George Of. The very skillful older painter might have added: "and giving them opportunity to pursue their work." Unhappily that was not to be, in Mr. Of's case, for a very long while. But if he could paint only in spare time, he did not stand still. The museums and exhibitions provided material for his inner development, and that is what really counts in an artist's progress.

Therefore, when George Of freed himself from treadmill employment, some seven years ago, he was quite ready to plunge back into painting and to produce work showing such advance over his earlier things that one could imagine the intervening years to have been filled with steady practice. His effects derive from the old magic of form and color and, though still unknown to the general public, there is every likelihood that he is not to remain much longer in the region of the submerged.

For him, that might have been the cause of a certain satisfaction; every artist likes to be in touch with his fellow men. Hence there is something of tragedy in Mr. Of's very sudden death, in late November of 1954; life was promising still richer things for him, and he had only begun to see full acceptance of the work of his seventy-eight years. Still, it was an enthusiastic reception that the Brooklyn Museum had given him when it accorded a special exhibition to the beautiful *Orpheus, Eurydice and Hermes* it had acquired. Perhaps that foretaste of his success in the future was sufficient. After all, he knew the worth of his work. The real import of his emerging into general acquaintance will be for our public. We do not need to be told how many automobiles we produce, how high is our average standard of living as compared with that of the rest of the world, or even what we are doing to increase security and raise the standard of living in the rest of the world. We know all these things pretty well. What we do not know sufficiently is the extent to which our artists have reached goals beyond the scope of material effort, or even of practical idealism. Necessarily occupied with such matters (as old John Adams said we should be, for a considerable period) we have not had time to prevent the work of some of our best men from being submerged.

The amazing increase in the number of our museums, and the spread of understanding they bear witness to, give promise that art in America is to have the splendid role which it had in the civilizations of the past. Our painters and sculptors have proved their capacity for continuing the ancient tradition; its future among us will depend, to a great degree, on the use we make of the fine talent which continues to appear in this country.

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THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* *Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

THE winter of 1930 I found myself projected into a bitter political fight over book censorship. A citizens' committee had been formed to revise the Massachusetts statute, an old blue law, under which a novel like *An American Tragedy* by Theodore Dreiser was censored because it "contained" language judged to be obscene. The fact that the story was a moral one and that the miserable hero paid and paid for his sins was never made clear to the jury, whose scrutiny was confined to a few isolated paragraphs. The citizens' committee wanted the law to be reworded so that the whole book would be judged. I attended the meetings as the representative of my boss, Ellery Sedgwick, and surprisingly was elected chairman. As I suppose is usual with reform groups, we had no funds and were split right down the middle by an ill-concealed antipathy between the fearless extremists and those who wanted us to do nothing to offend the district attorney and the police. I was the compromise candidate. We raised money, hired a secretary, and went to work to correct a situation which had made Boston a laughingstock.

Although only two books, *An American Tragedy* and Upton Sinclair's *Oll*, had been brought to trial, a list of sixty-six others had been unofficially banned, thanks in large part to a retired minister who served as an unpaid consultant (and censor) to a branch library. His sense of outrage had a very low boiling point, and when he encountered passages in contemporary fiction which affronted him he first served warning to his local librarian and then to the nearest police officer. In no time flat a reverberating protest would be relayed by the Boston police to the Boston booksellers, and the offending novel was either returned to the publisher or sold under the counter. The mere threat of legal action was enough to ban a book, and this is the reason why novels like *The World of William Clissold* by

H. G. Wells, *Dark Laughter* by Sherwood Anderson, *Elmer Gantry* by Sinclair Lewis, *The Sun Also Rises* by Ernest Hemingway, and *The Wayward Man* by St. John Ervine were then suppressed in the city of Boston.

When the list of books so threatened reached sixty-eight, the phrase "banned in Boston" became a national joke, and it was with the purpose of relieving the situation that our committee was formed. Naturally the minister zealot opposed our intervention, and in this he was joined by the Watch and Ward Society, which had long been concerned with keeping pornography out of the hands of the young, and by the Church.

Our new bill was recommended by the Committee on Legal Affairs but was voted down when it went to the floor of the legislature. After this first defeat the stalwarts in my committee went to work in earnest; they were Herbert Burgess, the bookseller, Henry Burnham, the lawyer, and Lawrence O'Toole, who exerted a good deal of influence in his quiet way. Standing for us in the legislature were Gaspar Bacon, then speaker of the House, and in the Senate, Henry A. Shattuck. We drew a sounder bill on our second try, and then we went out to persuade the Commonwealth and its representatives.

From mid-September, when our bill was filed, to mid-February, when it came up for vote, I spoke forty-two times at Rotaries, Chambers of Commerce, P.T.A.'s, and wherever I could find a soapbox. I was sometimes referred to as "the man on dirty books," and on the program I was usually preceded or followed by the Commissioner of Health, who was campaigning in behalf of clean milk. I listened to him so often that I knew his speech by heart just as I suspect he knew mine.

I also lobbied in the traditional way by taking reactionary members of the general court to lunch at the Parker House. There after a good meal we would sit while I dilated on the integrity of American publishers and authors. I remember one particularly stubborn session in mid-January. My guest was the woman member from Gloucester, and it did not appear that I had been making much headway. "You can say what you please, Mr. Weeks, but I still think there are authors who write dirt for dirt's sake. Why only this Christmas," she went on, "I gave my sister a book which had been highly recommended, and you know what happened? She told me she was so disgusted that she had thrown it in the furnace."

"What in the world was its title?" I asked.

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"*John Brown's Body*," she said, "by that man Benét." And she made a face.

I never did win her over, and of course to this day there are prudes like her in every community, readers of limited vision who cannot understand that there is a cause and effect in literature and that the violence in some of our contemporary fiction is the inescapable result of the violence to which the world has been exposed since 1914. Protest is one of the strongest weapons a novelist possesses, and you cannot fight fire with marshmallows.

When our new law was passed, Massachusetts became one of the nineteen states which had adopted a more liberal attitude toward censorship, and this tolerance was given federal reinforcement by Judge Woolsey's trenchant decision on *Ulysses*. We have come a long way since those days when *Jurgen* was thought to be a naughty book.

Doctor against the galoots

A man who writes from a sense of outrage and who can make his wrath so compelling that you are lifted and swept along as you read is a rarity at any time. In *The Last Angry Man* (Scribner's, \$4.50) **Gerald Green** is telling the story of a doctor against the world: a Jewish doctor, Samuel Abelman, son of a Rumanian immigrant, self-educated and self-sustaining in his Brooklyn slum. Sam in his late sixties is a hard fighter matched against overwhelming odds, and the feeling of suspense and inevitability in his battle is well conveyed.

Woodrow Thrasher, vice president in charge of television in a big advertising agency, is in danger of losing their largest account when a comedy program fails to hold its rating; and in desperation he reaches out for a new show, a program featuring average Americans. Thanks to a lurid news story involving the rescue and treatment of a beaten-up Negress, Dr. Samuel Abelman becomes his first feature. Thrasher is working against time; he has to pump out, assimilate, and highlight the doctor's life in a series of visits which lead to reminiscence.

Dr. Abelman's home on Haven Place was his office, and in the filth and noise of that savage street he was on perpetual call for whatever malady or crime might leave on his doorstep. He was also under continual assault from the Negro hoodlums who roamed the area under the leadership of Josh the Dill. They slashed the tires on his old Buick, bent his sign out of recognition, and the victims they left for his care were not pretty. For his sanctuary against all this Dr. Sam has created a garden full of bloom within the high brick walls of his back yard. Here he potters or sits reading Thoreau in the cool shade, and here his unscarred spirit emerges from the lined and tormented practitioner.

The novel evolves on two levels: on the first are the buoyant and resourceful episodes in which we see Sam struggle for his education, his strength, and his freedom in medicine. Contrasted with these

vignettes from the past is the ruthless, angry battle which he is waging day by day in Haven Place, a losing fight in which the doctor's integrity shines like steel amidst the tinsel of the television arrangements. The power of this book springs partly from the unpoliced violence of the Brooklyn slum, partly from the compassion of the angry doctor who, in his rough, tender way, is no respecter of race, and partly from the courage with which he meets his tough assignment. The book is dedicated to a doctor whom Mr. Green must have known well and from whom unquestionably he drew.

The FBI on land and sea

The FBI Story (Random House, \$4.95) is a history of the Federal Bureau of Investigation by **Don Whitehead** of the Washington bureau of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and with the coöperation and approval of J. Edgar Hoover. It makes fascinating episodic reading, and it is only natural that the chapters dealing with Mr. Hoover's term of office consistently appear in a favorable light. One cannot be critical of the hand that supplies the material. Where it is impossible to dodge the implication that someone blundered, as in the attack on Pearl Harbor, Mr. Whitehead is at pains to prove that the FBI was not at fault.

The early part of the book is great good fun, describing the Bureau's origin in Teddy Roosevelt's war against public land thieves. Inexperience and political interference led to some peculiar doings, while the lack of federal law on certain matters produced extraordinary improvisations. A German agent blew up the Vanceboro bridge during the First World War, was caught without difficulty, and then was prosecuted, in the absence of a federal statute against sabotage, "for transporting dynamite on an interstate passenger train."

The absurdities of the war were followed by the scandals of the Harding Administration, during which Gaston B. Means, later juggled for swindling in connection with the Lindbergh kidnaping, and several other dubious characters became powers in the Bureau. The reputation of the FBI was at rock bottom when a bright young lawyer named J. Edgar Hoover was put in charge with orders to clean up the mess. He did, and the rest of Mr. Whitehead's book is devoted to the stringent methods by which this was accomplished, to lively accounts of famous cases, to an exposition of Mr. Hoover's attitude toward Communists, and to long, careful explanations of the Bureau's non-partisan, purely investigative function in the recent loyalty investigations.

This book is a clear and exciting demonstration of how much better protected the country is internally today than it used to be. What it does not make clear is who picks the men for the highest echelons and what inner circle puts first things first when evidence is required.

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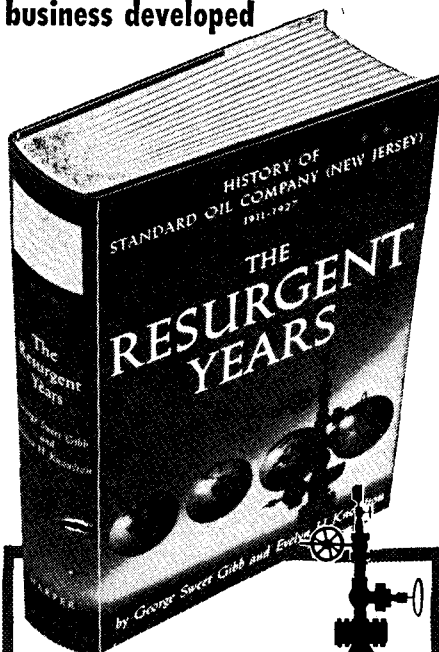
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The Crack in the Picture Window is a factual exposé, with a cast of fictional characters, of suburban housing developments. William Whyte, too, goes deeply into this subject in *The Organization Man*, and his report suggests that Mr. Keats has focused only on the worst aspects of the situation. This much, however, is certain: first, that many of Keats's charges are supported by the findings of the Congressional Committee which in 1952 made a sweeping investigation of housing built under the GI Bill; second, that Keats has written a fast and slashing funny book.

The proceedings begin with the purchase by John Drone — a veteran with a clerical job in government, a wife, and two infants — of a \$10,500 "box on a slab" called a California Cape Cod Rambler, situated in a bleak stretch of pine barrens in Fairfax County, Virginia. In no time, Drone makes the harrowing discovery that the slogan "ab-so-lutely nothing down" covers a multitude of rackets, all of which — though *this* he doesn't know — enrich one Samuel O. Burmal, founder of the SOB Investment Co., the SOB Land Co., the SOB Realty Co., and the SOB Suburban Bank and Home Loan Agency. The disillusioned Drones find them-

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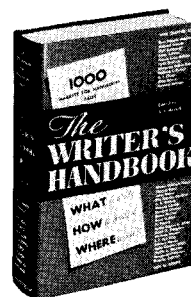
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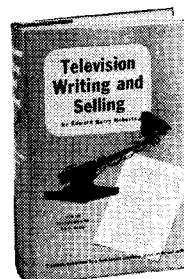
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selves trapped in a house that cannot ever possibly be a home — an “ill-made inefficient machine for insufficient living” in a “fresh air slum” with unpaved streets and inadequate facilities for the children.

The Drones’ design for living, as Mr. Keats depicts it, is a “design for nightmare.” They are chronically up to their necks in installment debt, and every salary raise is mortgaged in advance to the accumulation of gadgets. Hemmed in as they are by neighbors exactly like themselves, their social life has neither savor nor variety. And everything they think and do is subject to an insidious pressure for conformity.

Responsibility for the suburban building mess, says Keats, rests partly with the laxity of the government, partly with rapacious builders, and partly, too, with the naïveté and inertia of young Americans like the Drones. In his final chapter, Keats suggests several ways of improving development living, but the last word in his inquest is this: “I submit housing developments combine the worst disadvantages of suburbs and city slums without reflecting the advantages of either.”

William Whyte, Assistant Managing Editor of *Fortune*, also takes a dim view of suburban “package” living, but he differs with Keats on one important point. According to Whyte, dwellers in the better developments — though the more sophisticated wryly speak of inhabiting “a womb with a view” — find this way of life well suited to their wants and needs. They belong to the genus anatomized with encyclopedic thoroughness in *The Organization Man*. Its most conspicuous species is the corporation man, but it also includes the intellectual on the foundation team project, the scientist in the government laboratory — all those members of the middle class “who have left home, spiritually as well as physically, to take the vows of organization life.”

Whyte’s central theme is that the traditional American ideology — the individualist gospel which preaches salvation through hard work, thrift, and competition — no longer jibes with the facts of organization life and has indeed been replaced in the organization world by what Whyte calls the Social Ethic: a “body of thought which makes morally legitimate the pressures of society against the individual.” Its major components are faith in “social engineering” — in the

Books to remember



Jules Eckert Goodman
EDITOR

THE ROAD TO MONTE CRISTO

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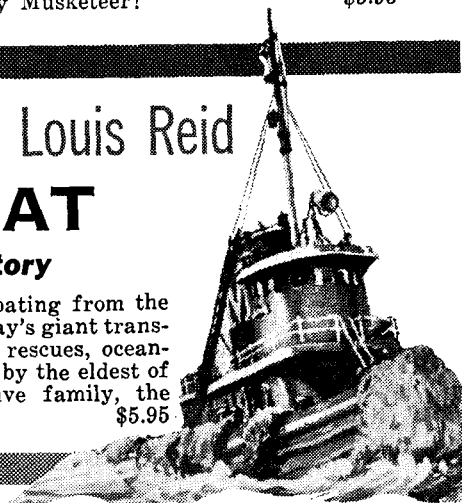
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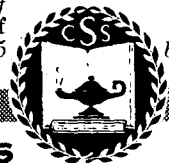
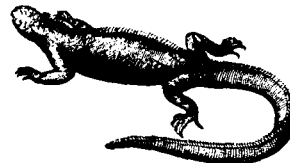
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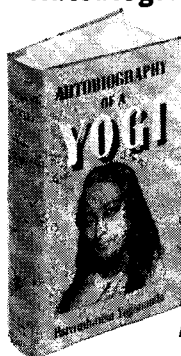
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notion that scientific methods of measuring, testing, and conditioning should be applied to all human concerns; a belief in the group rather than the individual as the source of creativity; and a belief that "belongingness" — irrespective of what one belongs to — is man's ultimate need. Its heroes are the team player and the bureaucrat, and its cant speaks fuzzily of "service" rather than of achievement.

Mr. Whyte, an incisive critic of the Social Ethic, proceeds to examine its applications and repercussions in American education; in the training and subsequent careers of managers; in scientific work; and in the manners and mores of Organization Man. The "bureaucratization of society" which Whyte is analyzing is by this time a familiar theme, but he has developed it with a reportorial skill rarely encountered in social studies of this kind; and while he has the sociologist's penchant for belaboring his points, the documentation he serves up is fascinating, if discouraging, stuff — in fact, his book is thoroughly engrossing. There is even humor of an appalling sort in some of his material, as when one learns that the General Electric manual on "communication techniques" for managers lays down the principle: "Never say anything controversial."

Perhaps the most arresting section is that which lashes out at the personality tests now widely in use even on the management level. In their easily grotesque way, they represent the full, fetid flowering of the Social Ethic: their object is to weed out those who would once have been rated the fittest and to promote those whose chief attribute is the capacity just to fit. If these tests were to be applied to the highest echelon of American industry, the most dynamic figures in the corporate world would find themselves out of a job.

Whyte's book is disappointing in that he lacks the courage of his own logic. He proclaims himself an optimist, and vaguely suggests that individualism is possible within organization life — his pessimistic exposition proves precisely the contrary. The challenging issue — and Whyte never faces up to it — is whether, at this stage of technological development, any kind of organization is conceivable which can reconcile individual independence with the goals of mass production. The evidence to date would seem to be that the pursuit of productive efficiency becomes, at a

point already reached, incompatible with individual freedom.

Some of the phenomena studied by Whyte also engage Russell Lynes's attention in *A Surfeit of Honey*, but Mr. Lynes's short and entertaining book ranges over a broader front. The subtitle sums it up tidily: "a friendly, if somewhat skeptical, excursion into the manners and customs of Americans in this time of prosperity."

Mr. Lynes's specific purpose is to describe some of the less obvious changes which have taken place in American life during the past decade or so. He starts out with the argument that the traditional class structure, whose broad divisions cut across the nation's society, has given way to a series of freestanding pyramids, each with its several levels and its aristocracy: the intellectual pyramid, the big-business pyramid, the communications and entertainment pyramid, the labor pyramid, and so on. Lynes then profiles a newly emerged group, self-assured and prosperous, which occupies an indeterminate zone in our society: the Upper Bohemians. While many are engaged in producing or publishing the written word, Upper Bohemians may also be lawyers, say, or even businessmen. Their common denominators are pride in placing the satisfactions of the mind and spirit above those of status, and a life style of studied informality; they manage both to take convention and to leave it. Subsequent chapters discuss, among other things, the way in which husbands have become "The New Servant Class"; the eccentricities that have blossomed in men's clothing; the sillier and the more unattractive aspects of our age of prosperity.

Mr. Lynes's soft spot as a social critic is that, sharp though his critical faculties are, he is of rather too amiable a disposition. His tendency to follow up a series of penetrating thrusts with the healing salve of fairness and geniality sometimes creates an impression of blandness. As against this, his sanity and good temper are refreshing; and one can be sure that he is not guilty of dyspeptic overstatement. He has established himself as the maestro of an unpretentious brand of social commentary which is civilized and stimulating fare: crisply phrased, witty, consistently intelligent and discerning.

Fiction chronicle

Considering that it won the Harper Novel Prize, *Tower in the West*



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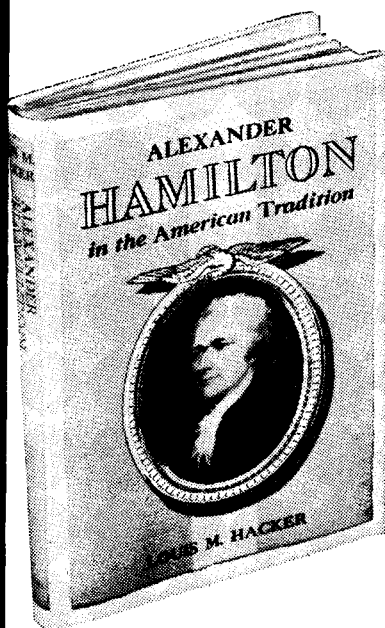
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(Harper, \$3.95) by Frank Norris is fresh evidence of the lack of luster in recent American fiction. (Offhand I cannot recall a year within the past decade which produced so few really impressive American novels as 1956.) Mr. Norris's book, to be sure, shows a high degree of competence where storytelling is concerned; but it is totally lacking in literary distinction.

The theme is the familiar one of the "good" man whose noble intentions keep on playing havoc with his life. Now, unless such a character is presented with the understanding that unconsciously he is courting disaster — and this Norris does not do — he emerges just as not very bright, and his quixotic follies are apt to become exasperating. Mr. Norris's hero, George Hanes, is completely governed by his worshipful admiration for his elder brother, Jeff, a celebrated St. Louis architect. Jeff dies young in a motor accident in 1915 after completing a superb hotel building known as the Tower in the West, a sizable share of which is left to his wife, Mary, and to George. Mary, who has been unfaithful, finds herself pregnant; and for the sake of his dead brother's honor, George volunteers to marry her though he knows she is an unmitigated bitch. This arrangement, which causes George's sweetheart to marry on the rebound, becomes a prolific source of anguish in his life.

Another set of troubles arises from his sense of custodianship toward the Tower in the West which, from the time that Prohibition cuts down its revenue, becomes a bone of contention between George and his business partners.

The story, which spans four decades, is told with an unflagging drive that will probably make the book a popular success. Mr. Norris certainly has narrative power, but his major characterizations are mostly one-dimensional. George is the soul of honor, his sweetheart an all-round paragon of excellence; Mary is a monster; and a big-time gangster is portrayed as a sweet, lovable fellow with a tear-jerking devotion to his old pal, George. Mr. Norris can hardly be congratulated, either, on his use of the English language. His hero, who is supposedly well educated enough to become a professor at Princeton, speaks of "going good," and has a repulsive habit of using "fault" as a verb.

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center on family relationships, **Brendan Gill's** second novel could not be more different from his first, *The Trouble of One House*, which won a special citation from the judges of the National Book Award in 1951. Whereas the earlier work was a somber drama of deep seriousness, *The Day the Money Stopped* (Doubleday, \$2.95) is a high-spirited entertainment which seems made to order for the stage. There is a single setting; the action is confined to a single morning; and most of the story is unfolded in dialogue.

At thirty-nine, Charlie Morrow — the prodigal and favorite son of a rich and revered Connecticut lawyer — has clowned through life, living it up, chasing the girls, and forever flirting with bankruptcy, from which time and again his father has had to rescue him. He is a man who, as he puts it, has "always been ready to rich"; and he fully expects to be the morning he races from New York — up to his neck in debt but driving a brand-new cream-puff Caddie — to his brother's law office in a Connecticut factory town to hear the reading of his father's will.

Arriving earlier than the appointment, he makes a play for his brother's pretty, standoffish secretary, disarmingly confessing that he is a "wayward child" with "a sickness called the desire to please." He has already melted her defenses by the time his brother, a stern, censorious type, calls him in and confronts him with the news that the advances made to him by his father on his inheritance have exceeded his fair share and that he has not been left a cent.

How Charlie fights back — digging up and threatening to expose family scandals, playing his affectionate sister off against his brother, and enlisting the secretary as his loving ally — makes a comedy full of ingenious twists, climaxed by what might be called a "royal flush" happy ending. It's good fun, but too clever by half to ring true.

In *Stopover: Tokyo* (Little, Brown, \$3.95), **John P. Marquand** has returned to the vein in which he scored his first successes, the novel of suspense, and has reintroduced the celebrated Mr. Moto. Top billing in the story, however, goes to Jack Rhyce, an American intelligence agent who is sent to Japan to break up a Communist ring whose plans, if not frustrated, will cause the United States a heap of trouble. Rhyce and

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The man who reads dictionaries



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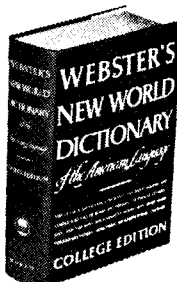
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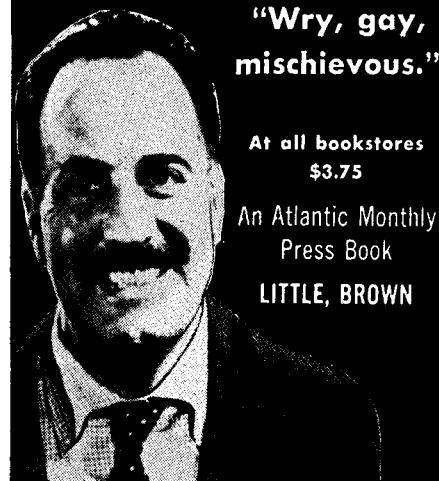
his associate, a ravishing young girl, are traveling as do-gooders who wish to make a study of the supposedly innocuous Asia Friendship League. But suspicious events in San Francisco give them a chilling feeling that their "cover" may have been broken. And in Tokyo, they don't know what to make of the mysterious Mr. Moto, who attaches himself to them as guide; they discover that the Friendship League is far from innocuous; and shortly after their arrival, their local American contact is murdered. Meanwhile, they have made what to undercover agents is an infinitely dangerous mistake: they have fallen in love with each other.

The current fashion in thrillers is to keep socking the reader with a supercharged combination of rapid action, sex, suspense, sinister atmosphere, and mayhem. Anyone who has grown partial to this saturation bombardment may find Marquand's handling of the situation somewhat on the tame side. Mr. Moto, moreover, plays a disappointingly dim role in the proceedings, and the stage-managing of the love affair is decidedly half-hearted. I need not, however, labor the point that *Stopover: Tokyo* is more literate and less removed from reality than most novels of suspense.

Two English writers of considerable talent and strong individuality — C. S. Lewis, author of *The Screwtape Letters*, and William Sansom — are represented by new novels. Mr. Lewis's, entitled *Till We Have Faces* (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.50), is a brilliant reworking of the legend of Cupid and Psyche.

The teller of the tale is Orual, eldest daughter of the barbarian king of Glome, who as a young woman dons a veil to hide her ugliness and bitterness of spirit. When disasters strike the kingdom, the people and the priests of the dark idol, Ungit, demand that the king's youngest daughter, the divinely beautiful Psyche, be sacrificed to the Mountain Brute. Psyche is left tied to a tree to be devoured by the Brute, but when Orual returns to collect her bones, she finds Psyche alive and radiant — married, she says, to a god, the West Wind, and installed in a magnificent palace. At this point Mr. Lewis makes a crucial switch from the legend: Psyche's palace remains invisible to Orual, and it is out of motives more complex than jealousy that she forces Psyche to perform the forbidden act — to look with a lamp on the hitherto un-

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seen face of her husband while he is asleep — for which Psyche is condemned to a long exile. At the end of Orual's life, she has a vision in which she encounters Psyche, restored to her god; and now that Orual has finally fought her way out of hate and identification with darkness, she is vouchsafed a dazzling revelation, an experience of "the utmost fullness of being which the human soul can sustain."

What is remarkable about the novel is that a string of complex psychological dramas — about the nature of love and hate, and other fundamental aspects of the human condition — are played out quite unobtrusively within a swiftly moving "tale of barbarism." A single reading left some of the novel's meanings obscure; from the standpoint of interpretation, it is a difficult book. But on the narrative level, its eloquence, vividness, and intensity weave a seductive spell.

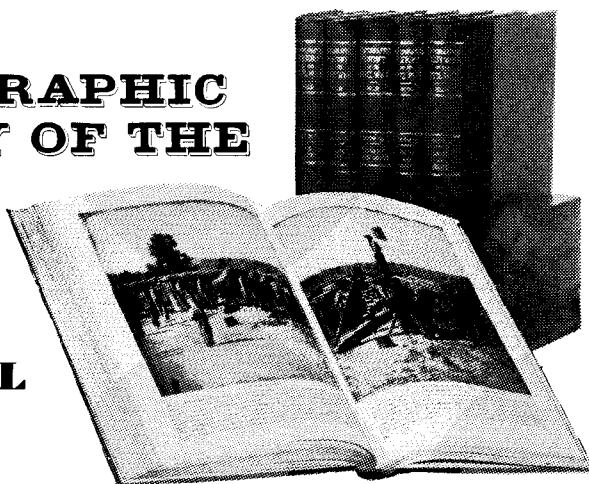
The plot of William Sansom's novel, *The Loving Eye* (Reynal, \$3.50), can be simply summarized. A good-looking London bachelor of thirty-nine, who has been successful with women, enjoys a pleasant private income, and has a thriving business of his own, has chosen to bury himself in his lodgings to putter away at a footling historical monograph. He has an ulcer, and we are given to understand that he is mildly, not desperately, neurotic. One day the figure of a girl, apparently attractive, appears in a hitherto empty window of the opposite house, and she immediately becomes the ruling obsession of his life. Fearful of destroying his illusions by meeting her, he goes on watching and watching. But the actor who is his companion brings them together at the local pub, and they fall in love at once.

Mr. Sansom is a writer whose novels have at once impressed and disappointed me. He is an artist to his fingertips, and one is tempted to expect great things of him, but egregious flaws appear in his fiction. The present novel hinges on what seems to me a highly improbable situation and winds up with an improbably cozy ending. Yet if these things are accepted, the rewards are large. The London background with its world of gardens and cats, the interior monologues, the subtly keyed vein of humor, the touching and romantic love story, all these are brilliantly done. Sansom's fiction has the quality one asks of fiction and so very seldom gets — a touch of magic.

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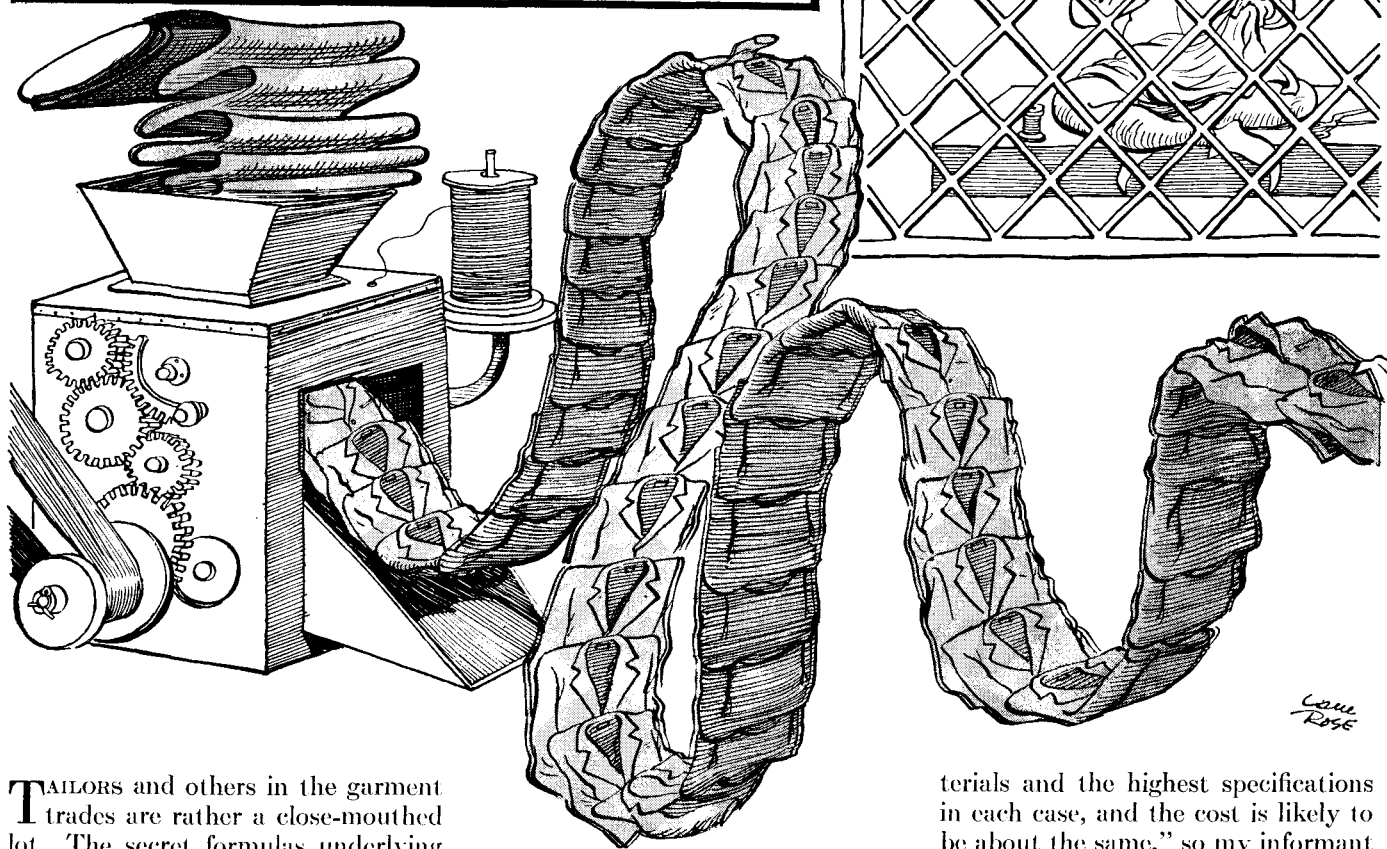
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ACCENT ON LIVING



TAILORS and others in the garment trades are rather a close-mouthed lot. The secret formulas underlying various sauces and bitters are no more secret than the markup and the costs in the men's clothing industry, but there are a few odd facts about the \$245 ready-made men's suits mentioned in these pages last month that might be worth passing along. It had seemed unaccountable to me that anyone would pay such a price for a ready-made suit while a custom tailor of considerable repute is charging the same amount for his suits, which many people believe are the best in the world. Yet the ready-made business has its supporters.

"When a man pays that much for a ready-made suit," one expert explains, "it means that he has probably been badly singed at some time or other by one of the incompetents who call themselves tailors. There are other men who are in a hurry and who won't take time for fittings, and you need at least three fittings on a made-to-measure suit. Then there are still others who don't know what they want and who prefer a well-

made suit — especially if it's a little on the sharp side — to the more conservative cut they would get from a first-rate tailor." A fair number of well-to-do men would never, under any circumstances, he explained, turn to a custom tailor for their clothes.

As in the case of almost all hand-work, not even the best custom tailor can make two suits that are exactly alike in cut and fit. Somewhere in the creation of garments from cloth, tiny changes set in, an extra stitch or a bit of stretch here and there — changes which can defy all but the most accomplished craftsmen. Even after the last stitch has been taken, a woolen garment can be further shaped by skilled pulling and pressing. Where all these needs have been fully dealt with, a good suit will keep its original shape throughout the life of the fabric.

In the quality of the tailoring process, the opinion seems to be that ready-made and custom-made suits can be identical. "Use the best ma-

terials and the highest specifications in each case, and the cost is likely to be about the same," so my informant told me. "In the ready-made suit the customer has to pay the manufacturer's profit plus the retailer's markup, while only one markup profit is charged by the custom tailor. But the best of the custom tailors probably has to charge for a much higher percentage of other expenses; he has to pay a stiff rent in a good location; he absorbs the payroll cost of all the fittings as well as the cutting and sewing — I believe a single fitting might cost a tailor eight or ten dollars in payroll, and three or four fittings could eat up 10 or 15 per cent of his selling price." The ready-made producer, by contrast, occupies a low-cost factory location, and fittings are not his problem but his dealers'.

"This fitting business can run into real money." The expert, who had engaged in all branches of the business during a long and successful career, gave a derisive laugh. "A man's weight changes by twenty or thirty pounds, his clothes no longer fit, so he takes them back to his tailor

for alterations — free. Most tailors have to charge for it, but what can you do when a really big customer gains six or eight inches around the waist, brings in his suits, and complains about the fit?”

The variety of fabrics in a ready-made offer is necessarily rather limited because of the huge inventory which would result if a big assortment were maintained in so many lengths and sizes. This deficiency is corrected to some extent by one of the \$245 ready-made houses, which allows its dealers a quota of completed suits each year and an equal number to be made to order from a sizable selection of swatches. Thus a small dealer might buy twenty-five suits and put them into his stock and thereby be entitled to take orders for twenty-five more in more widely assorted fabrics. The fact remains that most men who wear this sort of suit seem to go in for fabrics of conventional design.

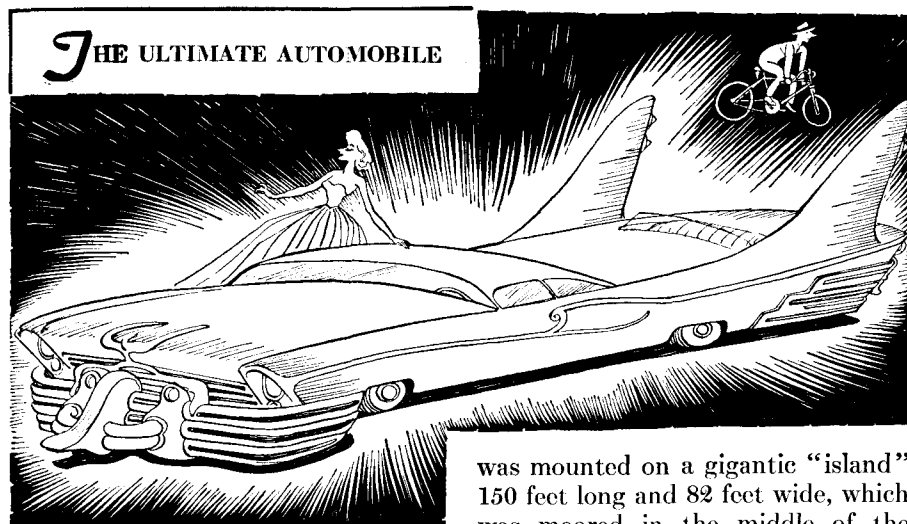
For any good suit, it was formerly estimated that about a third of the price represented the cost of the fabric, another third the labor, and a third all other expenses and profit. The informed guess today puts the labor cost at half the price, but all these factors can vary according to the volume. The custom tailor mentioned above was charging \$140 for his suits in 1936 — depression times — so that his price of today represents an increase of only some 70 per cent, surely a modest advance in comparison with others. In contrast, my informant estimated to me that one of the \$245 ready-made suits formerly fetched \$60 and that the \$60 suit was just as good as today's.

New increases in the tariff on imported textiles are likely to boost today's prices even higher; but tariff or no, the subtleties and variety of British textile design will continue to find preference in the higher-price

suits. This is, of course, a sore point with American manufacturers of woollens. They make, they argue, just as good a cloth as the British manufacturers do.

But when it comes to design, the American usually goes no further than solid colors, herringbones, a diagonal weave of great simplicity, and plain vertical stripes. The British go right along, meanwhile, producing new designs every year, scores and even hundreds of variations in weaving, all within rather severe limits of decorum and conventionality, but achieving, nonetheless, a one-of-a-kind suiting the like of which was never seen before and will never be repeated. A “dark suit” in one of their fabrics will meet the conservative standard of what a dark suit ought to look like, yet on second glance it will be seen to bear no resemblance to any other dark suit.

CHARLES W. MORTON



by JOHN G. KNECHT

JOHN G. KNECHT, who lives with his family in Northbrook, Pennsylvania, is an advertising copy writer.

THE most magnificent automobile the world had ever seen was put on display November 17, 1966. The culmination of more than a half century of design and manufacturing experience, it embodied every mechanical advancement and every decorative feature dreamed of by man, woman, and child — and many more besides.

The new Glitterjet V-32 was introduced in Detroit, Michigan, after the greatest advertising and publicity campaign in history. The automobile

was mounted on a gigantic “island” 150 feet long and 82 feet wide, which was moored in the middle of the Detroit River. The island was made of purple-and-yellow water-resistant planks, which were supported by six aluminum-coated plastic cylinders imbedded in the river bottom. Sixteen atomic-powered beacons, each of 1,000,000 candle power, beamed down on the Glitterjet from specially moored dirigibles, causing such a reflection by day and night that spectators had to wear dark glasses.

The reason for the Glitterjet's blinding reflective quality was that every square inch of it was chromium plated. Not only were all body panels of chrome; the tires, the simulated wire wheels, and every nut and bolt in the basic body structure, as well as the engine, shone with dazzling brilliance due to chromium and re-

cently devised methods of polishing it. All windows and the windshield were chrome coated in such a way that the occupants of the car could look out but people outside the car could not look in.

Inside, the Glitterjet was a miracle of brilliance, too. The upholstery was a special synthetic material resembling burnished brass. Glued onto the fabric were circular panels the size of dinner plates, painted purple. On the floor was an imitation Formica “carpet” with an early American spatter-dash pattern.

The Glitterjet was 101 feet, 6 inches long and 75 feet wide — larger by an appreciable margin than any car produced up to that time. Fins attached to the rear fenders extended 6 feet into the air. Yet, thanks to 7-inch wheels, the roof height was only 3 feet, 2 inches. Although the Glitterjet had but four of these wheels, 27 feet of its length was overhang. Included in this were a trunk large enough to hold a 1929 Ford Roadster and a seat at the very end of the overhang which was reminiscent of the old Model-A Rumble Seat but which was called, in the interests of sales appeal, a Happy Seat.

The Glitterjet's 32-cylinder engine developed 1000 horsepower, thus ending, once and for all, the horsepower race which had been raging for some fifteen years. With this engine, the Glitterjet claimed an acceleration

from zero to 60 miles per hour in 2.3 seconds — in reverse. Top speed was 236 miles per hour, and gasoline mileage “at the 98-miles-per-hour cruising speed” was one-fourth mile per gallon.

For all this speed, driving the Glitterjet was remarkably simple (which was indeed fortunate, since the intricacies of driving a conventional car had by that time been forgotten: no one remembered exactly what a gearshift was; nor did any but a few older citizens know what a manual choke, a hand throttle, and a clutch pedal were). To put the Glitterjet in motion, the driver had only to touch an electronically operated green button; to increase speed, a yellow button. To turn, one had but to shift his eyes in the appropriate direction; and to stop, simply shout “Glitterhalt” into a dash-mounted microphone.

The grill of the Glitterjet was eighth-inch plywood, fashioned tubularly in a crosshatched pattern. The tubes were 6 inches in diameter to provide an “ultra-massive” appearance, and they were sprayed with chrome to resemble steel. Bumpers were polished plastic bars 3½ feet wide which extended 2 feet beyond the fender extremities on either side.

The price of the Glitterjet, including a 48-inch color television set mounted behind the front seat, was \$18,997.43. Glitterjet’s advertising agencies, in explaining the low price, said overhead costs had been cut by eliminating stylists. These stylists were, it was felt, superfluous, since in the final analysis Glitterjet salesmen alone knew what would sell and what wouldn’t. Salesmen were polled

every six months to learn what the public liked; whereupon the sales manager of Glitterjet drew the new model on a paper napkin while eating lunch. Glitterjet’s stylists were, in turn, converted to realistic salesmen at a special company school and then offered a franchise at an appropriate number of the company’s 500,000 Show Room Supermarkets.

If, from the consumer standpoint, the Glitterjet’s price seemed a trifle steep, this objection was eliminated by the company’s policy of selling its cars on a 35-year open-end mortgage plan. When, at the end of six months, the chrome became flecked with rust and the bolts began to corrode, the buyer was offered a “substantial trade-in” on a new model. Thus the opposition to the company’s Planned Obsolescence Program was overcome, and Glitterjet owners were kept continually in debt to the company.

The manufacturer of the Glitterjet was United Transportation Company, an amalgam of General Motors, Chrysler, Ford, and Nash-Hudson. It was, in 1966, the only automobile manufacturer in the world. This, of course, ended any worries about competition cutting into sales and profits. Furthermore, with only one company manufacturing automobiles, the economy of the United States (and the world) was more efficient and more in the spirit of the private enterprise system.

Sales did happen to drop slightly in 1967 (by 3,600,000), but United Transportation was spared concern even so, because by that time it had bought a controlling interest in companies selling aircraft, motorcycles, bicycles, and roller skates.



THE REAL COOL

by GORDON COTLER

After some years in editorial work in New York, GORDON COTLER is now writing for television. This is his first appearance in the Atlantic.

SOME time ago, I noticed that my vocal participation at parties had dwindled to the threshold of perceptibility. By the time I got the hang of dianetics my circle was out of my depth with the aqualung; when I took to free diving, my contemporaries were up and away with the earth satellite. Even subjects of which I thought I had a special command were being snatched from me like candy from a baby by more stimulating talkers. Recently I hit on a device for stealing back the floor. I pass along the basic principle here for the aid of the anecdotally handicapped.

My device came to me at a party one evening after a characteristic defeat in a social situation. I was starting a war reminiscence — I’ve had to lean rather heavily on the war of late — about an eccentric British colonel who had been a liaison officer with my outfit and about whom I had three or four crackajack stories. By way of setting the stage, I was describing the colonel, and I had got no further than the word “posh” when I was interrupted by one of the facile talkers who had been smothering my efforts all evening.

“Posh,” he said. “The word has a deuced interesting origin. Anyone know it?” Without waiting for an answer he continued, “P-O-S-H were the initials scrawled across the ticket reservations of important ship passengers from Britain to India in the dear dead Empire days. They stood

THE BRIDGE

by R. P. LISTER

THE bridge between me and the world sometimes grows thin,
Exposing a horrible chasm; and I fall in,
Unless I avoid the danger of taking a toss
By wrapping myself in myself and refusing to cross.

This cannot always be done. The world is there,
Demanding my presence, on the other side of thin air.
I tread on the vanishing bridge; I shuffle or jump,
And mostly land up in the ghastly abyss with a bump.

As for the depths of the chasm, and what they contain,
I could struggle to tell you, but think I had better refrain.
There is noise, there is wind, there is silence; the thing is a void,
Yet causes contusions. For more information, see Freud.

for 'Port Out, Starboard Home,' those being the preferred locations for cabins. Fascinating, no?" Fascinating, yes, the company agreed, and off



they went on a leisurely tour of the old Empire.

My path lay clear. Since the rules governing party talk seemed to permit a speaker to be interrupted for a discourse on the origin of an interesting word, I'd bone up on enough words when I got home to provide myself a wedge into almost any conversation. Meanwhile, as my companions of the evening made their way slowly from the intolerable conditions of government service on the Gold Coast to the gay life of the planter's wife in Ceylon, I passed the time inventing word origins. They came so much quicker and seemed so much more unusual than those library research might turn up that I've never taken the trouble to crack a reference book.

Anyone can do as well as I have. Most should do better. Remember, simply, to use the origins you invent sparingly and to relate them with confidence. The odds against the presence of contradictory documentation are monumental.

The first origins I invented, with "posh" as inspiration, were initial-type origins. "Hobo," I decided almost at once, was a set of initials, always followed by a number, that conductors jotted down in their train logs in the early days of the New York Central to indicate the number of non-paying passengers they had flushed out who were en route to visit convict friends up the line at Sing Sing. The letters stood for "Hopped On Below Ossining."

And "cool," as a jazz term, developed from the initial letters of "Come Over — Open Late," either form being scribbled on note paper by the owner of a Harlem night club of

the early 1940s who invited certain musicians from rival cellars to early morning jam sessions at his place. The acceptance of these invitations by Charlie "Bird" Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and others led to the development of progressive or "cool" jazz.

The beginner at inventing word origins will soon learn that initials are a tough row to hoe. An easy starting place is in American slang, which offers the additional advantage of being relatively safe from cross-checking. "Hunky-dory," for instance. "Hunky-dory" is a term that grew out of the perils of commercial fishing on Cape Cod. After every major storm in the early days of the century at least one of the fast but frail boats of the Portuguese settlers was lost at sea; but the sturdy, wide-beamed craft of the small Hungarian colony rarely had a mishap. The fisher wives rested easy when their men went out in a "Hunky dory."

Or take "whoopee," a term circulated by clipper-ship sailors who visited Bombay. This is merely a corruption of "rupee," the price of admission, shrilly reiterated by native barkers, to the more abandoned nautch

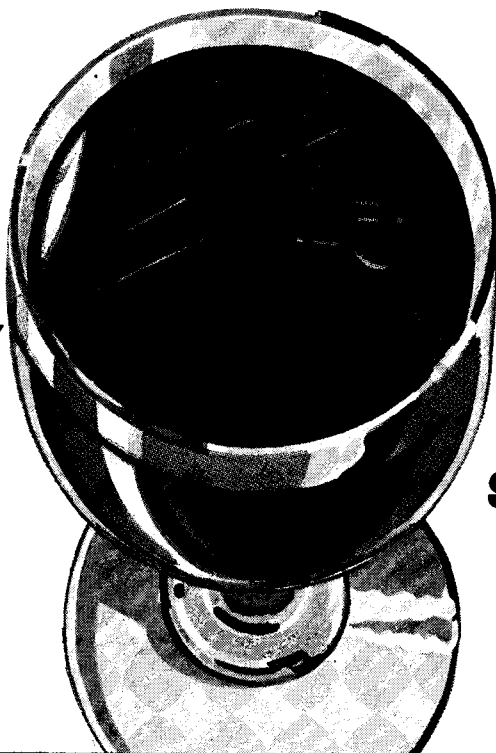
entertainments in the Indian seaport. "To make rupee" or "whoopee" meant simply to get up the cash for the spectacle.

I've found that I evoke the most satisfying audience response with word origins that contradict the established beliefs of my listeners. "Lilliput" and "Lilliputian," for instance. The first was the nursery name given the great sixteenth-century English queen who could come no closer, as a toddler, to pronouncing "Elizabeth." The second, of course, characterized her tiny clothes, toys, and furniture. Jonathan Swift revived the terms successfully in *Gulliver's Travels*.

Or take "Shavian." Most people fall into the trap of assuming this to be the adjectival form of Shaw, since it is most commonly applied to George Bernard. Actually, it stems from Quintus Shavius Maximus, the Roman general who shook the confidence of Hannibal's armies with his brilliant political broadsides. (A "broadside," by the way, was originally a roadside advertising message. The representative of Fletcher's Castoria or Bull Durham always specified in his contract with a farmer that the message

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was to be painted on one of the broad sides of a barn. Advertisers with smaller budgets had to settle for the narrow ends, thus giving rise to the phrase "slim pickings.")

In inventing word origins, there comes an occasional dry period when you feel you'll never think of another. That's the time to prime the pump with words based on proper names. These are far and away the easiest to come by, if the least inspired. "Dreary" is a typical case. It derives from Major General (brevetted) Matthew Drear, the hard-riding Civil War cavalryman who abhorred spit-and-polish and often told his men, "First let's lick the Rebs. We can wash up when the war's over." By 1863, any Union soldier in a dismal uniform was said to be "Drear-y."

Or take "sibling." A nineteenth-century English mother was said to be "Sible-ing" when she heeded the counsel of the pioneer psychologist Rudolph Sible to have a second child as companion to her first. Why the word was transferred to the children is one of those minor mysteries that make etymology so absorbing.

Don't allow yourself to be rattled by the rare skeptic who calls your origins poppycock. Remember that a "poppycock" is simply an out-sized fowl gotten up in flowers each spring by the peasants of Flanders in appreciation of barnyard fertility; that "bosh" is no more than an appraisal of the propaganda stories of the Germans in World War I; that "balderdash" was once a fraudulent hair-growing lotion; and that "hooley" evolved from a backwoods summing-



up of the promises of the late Senator Long of Louisiana. (And Louisiana, you might care to note, was *not* named for a French king. The assumption is understandable, but the fact is that the word is of Chitimaca Indian origin: *Loo-ji-yana* — "Where the river meets the sea.")

ACCENT ON LIVING



by JOHN M. CONLY

Bach: Music of the Bach Family (Richard Burgin conducting Zimble Sinfonietta, vocal and instrumental soloists, Boston University Chorus; Boston BUA-1: four 12"). Two years ago Dr. Karl Geiringer — a widely renowned musicologist, now at Boston University — wrote an enormous and fascinating book about the family which made the name Bach synonymous with *Kapellmeister* throughout German Europe for two whole centuries. Now Boston Records, in coöperation with the university, has made available to our ears proof of the prowess of this wonderful clan. Fourteen Bachs, spanning three generations, are represented in twenty-seven compositions on these disks, and there is not a dull moment out of the lot of them. Further, hardly any of the works have been recorded before, nor have the Zimbles and their associated performers been heard heretofore to better advantage: the performances and recordings are beyond complaint. For an additional \$9, you can have, from Harvard University Press, a hard-cover, full-size score of all works performed. Note: the only notable Bach absent from the collection is J.S., deemed amply recorded elsewhere.

Bach: Eight Little Preludes and Fugues (E. Power Biggs, organ; Columbia ML-5078: 12"). The "little" applies only to length, of course; these are concise masterpieces, instructional in origin but delightful to listen to, especially in Biggs' performances on eight antique European organs. (In one instance, he is accompanied by loft-dwelling sparrows.) Recommended without qualification.

Beethoven: The Piano Sonatas (Artur Schnabel, piano; RCA Victor LM-9500: thirteen 12"). Here are at last the Beethoven Society performances by Schnabel reprinted on micro-groove, for which let all Beethovenians be thankful, even if the album (which contains Simon & Schuster's Schnabel edition of the scores) won't fit record shelves, and although the

sides are — weirdly enough — arranged in automatic sequence, so that you must play three disks to get the *Hammerklavier*. This doesn't matter at all to anyone like me who has for years longed to hear these interpretations in their entirety. The originals were recorded between 1932 and 1935, but their sound does not betray its age; it is not hi-fi but it is pleasant. The performances, of course, are more than pleasant; they are probably as close to definitive as any since Beethoven himself played the sonatas. Indeed, it is hard to imagine how even the composer could have made his music speak with more clarity, life, and logic than it does for Schnabel. The set costs \$80. RCA Victor plans to issue the sonatas on single disks at some time in the future.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 9, "Choral" (Jascha Horenstein conducting soloists, Pro Musica Orchestra, chorus of the Vienna Friends of Music; Vox PL-10000: 12"). So far as I know, this is the first time anyone has managed to get the Ninth on one record, and it is a bargain. Horenstein's pacing is much like Toscanini's, though his orchestra, unfortunately, isn't. It is short of strings, a little thin, and beset by considerable hall-echo. Chorus and soloists are good. Vox has issued also a de luxe three-side version, accompanied by a remastering of their excellent Choral Fantasia, with Krauss and Wührer.

Bruckner: Symphony No. 9 with Beethoven: Choral Fantasia (Eugen Jochum conducting Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra in the Bruckner; Andor Foldes, piano; Fritz Lehmann conducting RIAS choir, Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in the Beethoven; Decca DX-139: two 12"). Bruckner himself and nearly all his associates by turns prepared revisions of his last symphony. None are, to my taste, as good as his original version, presented here. As a symphony it is somewhat formless, but it has some very big and tragic moments, and wears decidedly well. Jochum's performance seems unexceptionable — which cannot be said, unhappily, for what Lehmann does with the Beethoven Fantasia, which occupies Side 4 of the set. A more lifeless performance would be hard to achieve.

Byrd: The Age of William Byrd (Alfred Deller, countertenor; Wenzinger Consort of Viols of Basle; Vanguard BG-557: 12"). Actually only five of fourteen pieces for voice and viols given here are by Byrd,



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but all embody great wit and charm and are performed with high artistry. Anyone who still thinks English is not a musical language should listen to Deller singing *My Sweet Little Darling*. The Swiss viol players are less convincingly English, but very good all the same, and the sound is velvety.

Ives: *The Unanswered Question* with **Bartók: *Divertimento for String Orchestra***; **Milhaud: "Little" Symphony No. 4**; and **Nikos Skalkottas: *Little Suite for Strings*** (Lukas Foss conducting Zimblet Sinfonietta; Unicorn UN-1037; 12"). An irresistible bouquet of modernism. The moving Bartók *Divertimento* has been as well played on records (by Tibor Serly for Peter Bartók) but never so well recorded. There is no rival to this recording of the brief, brisk, contrapuntal Milhaud, and Skalkottas' intriguing and listenable twelve-tone Suite is completely new to records. My chief delight in the cluster, however, is the Ives piece, five minutes of shimmering magic, contrived with the simplicity that marks genius. Peter Bartók served as recording engineer and never has done better.

Mozart: *Sonatas No. 4, K.282; No. 5, K.283; No. 9, K.311; No. 13, K.333; Country Dances, K.606; Rondo in A Minor, K.511* (Wanda Landowska, piano; RCA Victor LM-6044; two 12"). More learned critics, with more room to write, will dwell on Mme. Landowska's ornamentation of repeats and her interpolated cadenzas, which are present, interesting, and helpful. Of far greater importance, though, is the fact that here in these grooves are moments of the highest pure musical beauty I ever have heard from records—beauty to make your breath stop and your eyes sting, and to make you hope with all your heart that the lady of Lakeville will find it within her powers to give us more Mozart. No one else plays like this, nor can I describe the technique of her witchery. The measures are lively, there is no caressing of notes, the sound is crystalline. Yet the effect is of an encompassing tenderness; you cannot worry about yourself or the world with this in your ears. As I said, descriptive efforts are useless; you'd better buy the records.

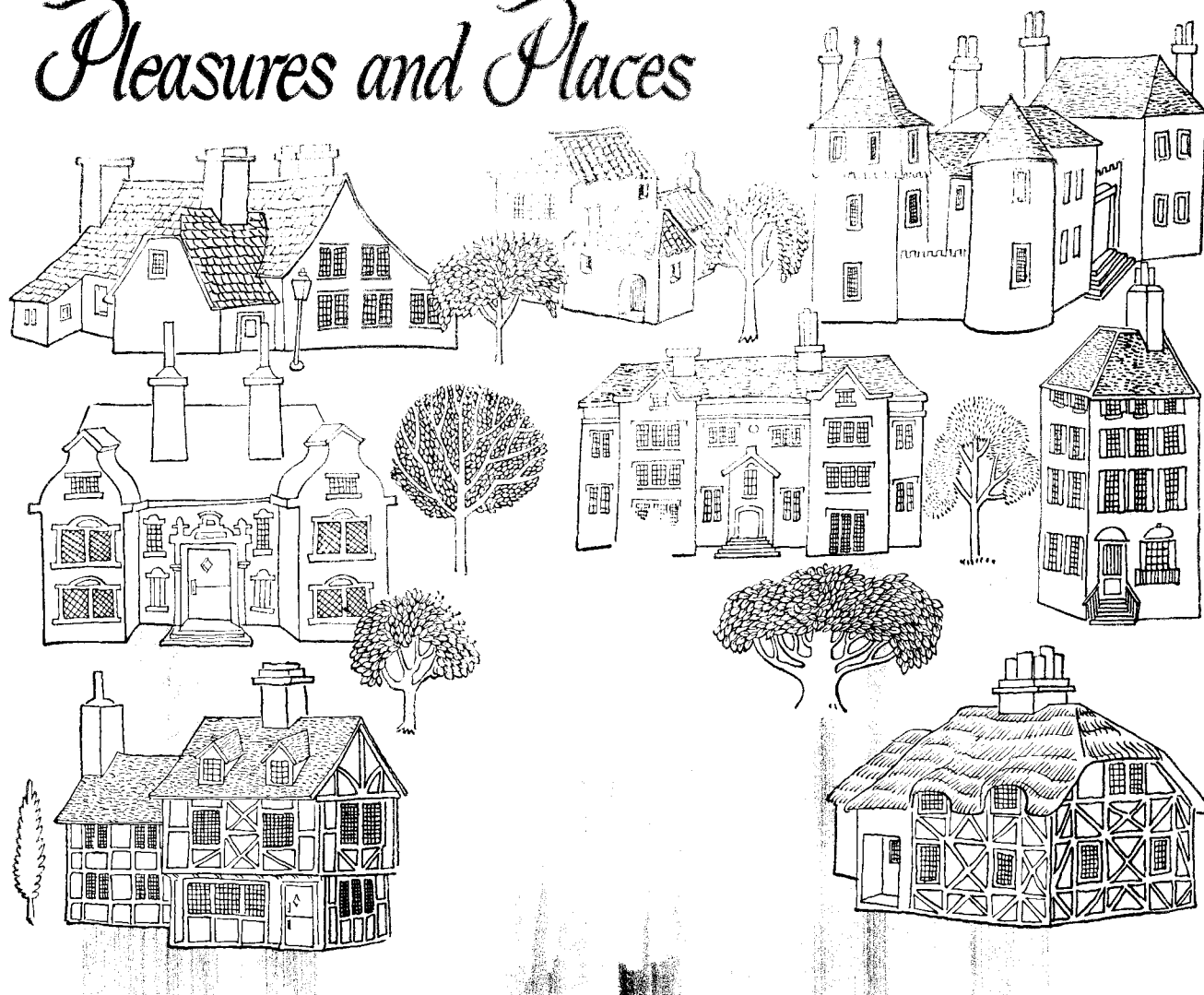
Sessions: *Suite from The Black Maskers* with Hovhaness: *Prelude and Quadruple Fugue* and **Lo Presti: *The Masks* (Howard Hanson conducting Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra; Mercury MG-50106;**

12"). People who know *The Black Maskers* suite from its old American Recording Society representation by a little Austrian band hardly will recognize it here, magnificently Dantesque in Hanson's reading and Mercury's sound. The big, solid Hovhaness work predates the composer's interest in Eastern single-note techniques: it is complex but rewarding. And young Mr. Lo Presti's suite (the title stumps me) is very firm, almost classical orchestral writing, very reassuring to find coming forth in the 1950s. Good listening.

Panorama of *Musique Concrète* (London-Dueret-Thomson DTL-93090; 12"). *Musique concrète* is, as some readers will know, music devised from sounds of all varieties captured on tape and then processed to yield desired effects. The sounds are speeded, slowed, stretched, blended, reversed, clipped, superimposed. The art has been pioneered mostly in France, by Pierre Boulez, Pierre Schaeffer, and Pierre Henry, the latter two of whom are represented on the record along with a new adept named Arthuys. The main point to be made is that we have here not mere tape trickery but some very good (if strange) music. Schaeffer makes a piano sound like a Jurassic jungle (except that I don't think there were birds in Jurassic jungles, and there are in this). And Henry offers the first theater music contrived on tape, his cantata *The Veil of Orpheus*, which will make your hair stand up and your blood run cold: Hades really comes to life in M. Henry's portrayal, and you will be glad it was Orpheus and not you that had to visit the place. It may be food for thought, too, that here we have, for the first time, music which, once it is composed, needs no performer except a tape or disk player.

H. L. Mencken — Interviewed by Donald Howe Kirkley, Sr. (Library of Congress PL-18, PL-19; two 12"). People who, like me, have thought of the Sage of Baltimore as acrid in his manner should hear this hour-and-a-half 1948 interview. There is bite in what he says—about the American taste for ugliness, about politicians, about bosses and unions—but there is a gruff geniality in his address which makes you like him very much just the same. Newspapermen especially should listen to this; they will get some real home truths. It's all spontaneous, unrehearsed, and unexpurgated.

Pleasures and Places



RENT A HOUSE?

ON THE CONTINENT

WE'VE been living in rented houses on the Continent the past ten years. There was our wonderful Praderhof in Merano, with French gobelins and oak-paneled halls, sun terrace and large park, surrounded by the vineyards, orchards, and castles of South Tyrol. One Christmas Eve the central heating broke down during a blizzard and there was a leak in the roof. We worked all night to get the place dry again. There was the villa in Beaulieu with the view of the palms and the Mediterranean from the dining room, and of the olive groves and railroad tracks on the other side. When the *Train Bleu* went by, twice a day, the house would gently shake to its foundations.

I remember the house in Zehlen-

dorf, on the outskirts of West Berlin, which was complete with a photographic darkroom and a good cook, and only six minutes by car to a sign: "ATTENTION! 10 METERS TO THE SOVIET BOUNDARY!" And the small house overlooking the harbor of Monte Carlo; from the balcony one saw the illuminated contours of the Casino at night, and in the morning the wind would bring the fresh scent of the incoming tide. There was the *Landhaus* in the Austrian Alps, and the gloomy villa in Vienna's Cottage district which we took because of the nice garden; unfortunately, the summer was cold and rainy and we were stuck with the gloomy interiors.

Once, in the spring of 1950, we lived in a thirteenth-century castle in Alsace, in the foothills of the Vosges, near Strasbourg. It had three-meter-thick walls, a colorful his-

tory, several ghosts, and practically no plumbing. One wing was occupied by another American couple, two rooms by a Belgian diplomat, and we had what was called the dungeon wing. The former dungeon had been transformed into a bathroom of some sort. The water faucets acted whimsically and the stove was always on the verge of an explosion. The dining room had church pews but was so far away from the kitchen that the food was always cold by the time it was served. The library had a magnificent fireplace. One chilly evening we made a fire. The flames reached out of the chimney, in the nearby village the church bells started to peal, and the four-man fire brigade arrived in a battered truck. We were fined 1000 francs. It was a happy day when we moved into our castle and a happier one when we moved out of it.

There are certain advantages in renting a house on the Continent. No doubt it is economical for large fam-

ilies or groups of adults. Life in hotels, even in the best ones, gets monotonous and standardized. When you live in a house, you get to know your neighbors and learn more about the country and its people. Yes, there are certain advantages. But there are also plenty of drawbacks.

Except in Switzerland and Scandinavia (and even there the housing shortage is bad and few places are for rent), European housing simply isn't up to what the American is used to. Too often he is offered "atmosphere" instead of comfort, and history instead of innerspring mattresses. Metternich or Lola Montez may have slept in your room, but it's damp and the windows rattle. The kitchen stove is an enigma and the heating system breaks down when you need it most. Don't expect much by way of ice cubes, dry cleaning, window screens, and garages. (In our castle, we parked the car in a corner of the stable, separated by a low fence from the quadrupeds.)

The owners of these houses, impoverished by decades of wars, deflations, requisitions, and high taxes, are unable to keep up their properties. Sometimes the façade is spruced up

but the rest of the place is about to cave in. Many Europeans consider the drawing room or grandfather's old library the most important part of the house; little care is taken of kitchen and bathroom.

It is almost impossible to rent a house by long-distance phone, mail, or cable. Unless you're lucky and get the house of a friend who goes away for a while, or unless your friend in Europe will choose a house for you, you'd better look for yourself. Theoretically, you may approach a reliable travel agent. He knows all about hotels, boats, planes, festivals, and cruises, but very little about private homes. He may contact his correspondent in the region where you want to live. The correspondent duly advertises in the local papers. Or he may contact a real-estate firm. But by the time the offers are forwarded to you, the good places are gone. There simply is no effective, international clearinghouse for rentals abroad.

Before renting a house, we write to a real-estate firm that has been recommended to us by a friend, by the nearest American Consulate, the local chamber of commerce, or the office of

the local automobile club. Or we go to the town, take a hotel room, and inquire of the concierge. (The hotel concierge is often better informed than the mayor.) We tell the real-estate people exactly what we want



and go around with them. We would never rent a house unseen, and we know why.

There is the American couple who fell in love with a house overlooking the Ligurian coast of Italy. They saw it for a moment in a romantic moonlit night and signed the six-month lease the next morning, still somewhat in a daze. The house abounded with charm and atmosphere—and with rats in the attic. The electric stove almost electrocuted our friends, the beds were bad, and there were no rugs. They fled two weeks later; of course, they had to pay rent for the rest of the term. Other people took houses with lovely formal gardens and no plumbing to speak of. There are people who didn't inquire about the heating system and were stuck with enormous coal bills during the cold season. Even so, they were freezing. A friend rented a charming chalet in a quiet, remote place near Salzburg and then discovered that the installation of the telephone cost him \$200.

We always look at a place in clear daylight. Even dilapidated houses with ornate rococo façades look beautiful in the soft late-afternoon light. We inspect the house from cellar to attic. Does the plumbing work? Does the bathtub leak? Is there plenty of hot water? The location of the kitchen is important. In a house in Vienna the kitchen was in the basement, which was unheated and uninhabitable in winter. We lost several cooks who couldn't stand the Siberian climate downstairs. When the cook was off, my wife had to put on her fur

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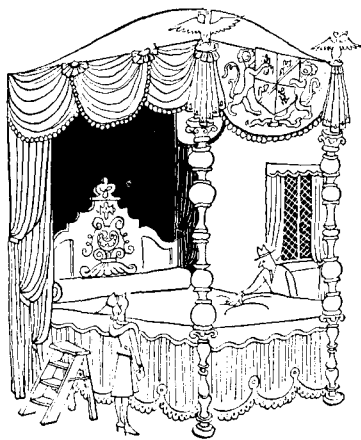
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coat to go down and make a cup of coffee.

The servant problem has become serious in Europe. It seems that all good servants have steady jobs. The ones you can hire either have to be trained or must be fired for many reasons after a while. There are few laborsaving devices in European houses. For a middle-sized house which you could easily manage alone in America, you often need one or two servants in Europe. At one time we had to have a cook, a cleaning and washing woman, and a man who came every morning to heat the furnace downstairs.

It is often said that servants' salaries are low in Europe, from twenty to thirty dollars a month. But you also pay social security premiums and health insurance, which double the salary, and there are food bills and higher bills for utilities. Almost everywhere in Europe, water, heating, lighting, and telephone are more expensive than in America.

There are no local taxes for people who take a house for a short time, and there is little red tape. Most countries demand that you register with the local police. Real-estate agents get the customary commission. Ask for a written inventory and check it carefully before you sign the lease. Some landlords consider their American tenants a bonanza and expect



them to repaint, renovate, and generally fix up their run-down houses. If an involved contract is laid before you, check with the nearest American Consulate to avoid fine-print traps.

As I said before, there are advantages in renting a house on the Continent. One is that you get homesick for America and its well-run, easy-to-manage houses. That alone is worth the money you've spent.

JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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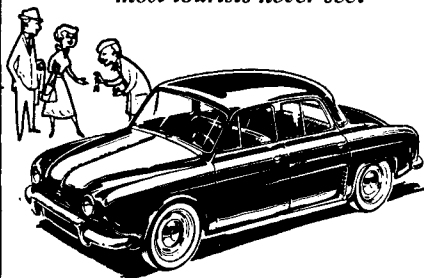
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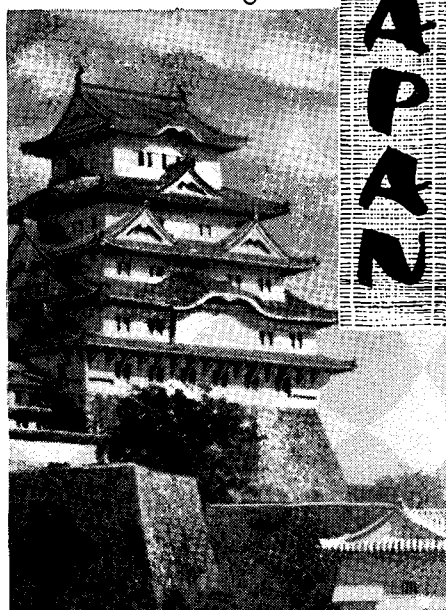
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IN ENGLAND

IN ENGLAND there was once a gold coin called the guinea. Its value was twenty-one shillings (\$3), or just over a pound. The coin has disappeared, but the word has remained. The guinea is, in fact, the fashionable unit of currency. It is used to indicate the price of such luxuries as mink coats, Canaletto views of Venice, and laryngologists' consultations. The rents of flats and houses are generally measured in guineas, too. In some cases this is a matter of fashion, but more often it is a crafty way of adding 5 per cent to the price in pounds. Guineas may be a fashionable currency, but much of the property for which they are paid out (in advance, by the week or by the month) is far from fashionable.

Since the end of the war there has been a boom in property renting, especially in London, whose war damage still shows in unsightly gaps. The difficulties against which foreigners protest when looking for accommodation are the same difficulties that Englishmen have come to take for granted. Americans sometimes get the mistaken impression that they are being discriminated against when they look for somewhere to live or stay. It is true that the occasional English landlord has had American military personnel putting their feet up on his Chippendale tables or stubbing out their cigarettes on his Wilton carpets. American children, too, have left bitter memories—as well as more tangible evidence of destruction—in a very few English homes. "Can you imagine it!" an agent said to me. "An American child in one of our flats was given a knife by his parents for his fifth birthday. You should have seen the furniture—or what was left of it."

Americans have the advantage that they can often afford to pay rents which English people would find too dear, because the exchange rate makes prices that seem high to Englishmen seem low to Americans. In the past, however, it has often been not the Americans but the English who have taken advantage of the dollar's high purchasing power, by charging exorbitant rents. But such "exploitation of the capitalist" is ceasing.

The only instance in which Americans are—quite reasonably—charged a higher rent than usual is the short let of a few months, when the landlord

has to be compensated for the inconvenience of soon having to find another tenant and for the loss of rent between tenancies. English people would likewise be charged a higher rent for a short let.

The weekly rent of a small flat in London or of a cottage in the country may be as low as five guineas (\$15) a week, but property at this price can



be a nerve-racking ordeal to live in. Full central heating is a rarity, save in blocks of service flats. Refrigerators are very often lacking. Hot water may dribble, slowly and tepidly, from a rusty Victorian geyser. And there is no telling what malodorous vapors the drains may emit. It is worth paying a higher rent to avoid such trials, especially if one is on holiday. But, in this seller's market, rents leap way ahead of real value, and in London a high rent signifies, not necessarily a good state of repair, but a high-class postal district. In S.W. 1, 3, 5, and 7, or W. 1, 2, 8, and 11—the few residential parts of London that combine good social with good geographical standing—any hovel is both dearly sought and dearly bought.

The run on property to let in London has produced a mushroom growth of estate agents who offer temptingly to fix you up with just what you want in the twinkling of an eye on payment either of an initial fee or of an extra week's rent if they are successful. All such are best avoided. Reputable agents do not charge the tenant a penny; their 7½ per cent commission from the landlord is reward enough for them. Reputable agents who deal in furnished lettings are recommended by the Chartered Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute, 29 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. 1, which has members in the provinces as well as in London (though the better provincial properties are often handled by London agents).

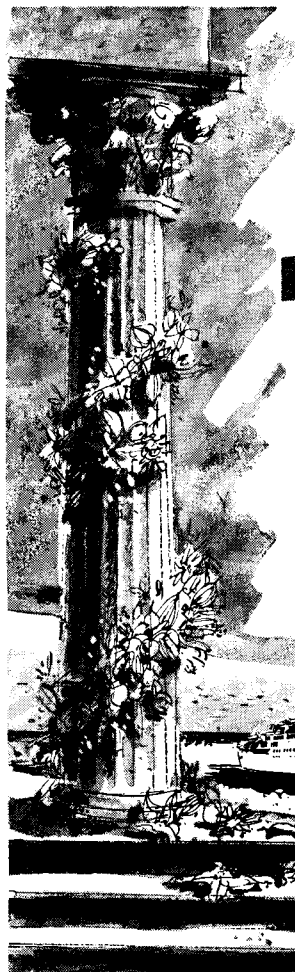
English estate agents are most helpful, but Americans are liable to be impatient of the red tape in which they discreetly entangle their clients. When they find anyone a house or a flat, they ask for two references, one from a banker and the other a personal one, to show to the landlord. An American visitor can easily give the name of the English bank that he is temporarily using, but if he cannot quote the name of an English friend, some landlords will call off the deal, if only because they may have to show their tenants' references to a superior landlord. Then a legal agreement must be signed by both landlord and tenant, and stamp duty paid on it. Finally, an inventory of the furniture, checked by representatives of both parties at the cost of a few guineas, is usually insisted upon.

The greatest disadvantage that faces American visitors to England is that they often want to rent a property for only a few months. This rules out a large number of offers which specify that the tenant must stay for at least a year. But this disadvantage can be turned to advantage by finding English owners who are leaving their country houses for the London Season in May, June, and early July, or leaving their London residences for the country or abroad in the later part of the summer. Sometimes they will ask their estate agents to find a temporary tenant, but as often as not they will advertise in the press. They advertise in the papers that they read—the papers of the property-owning classes. These are the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* and, among the magazines, *Country Life*. The Personal column on the front page of the *Times* is often more useful than the Furnished Accommodation



columns, especially as its advertisers are sometimes prepared to skip the red tape; but both should be consulted. For example, half an Eliza-

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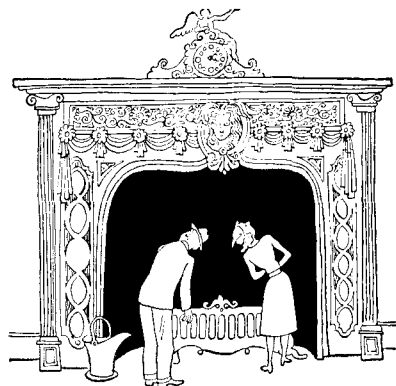
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bethan manor house in Sussex (one hour's drive from London) was offered under "Furnished Country Properties" on the back page of the *Times* of June 11, 1955, for a short or long let. The Personal column of June 13, 1955, offered a luxury flat in central London for three months from June 21 for twelve guineas (\$36) a week, with the option of taking on a maid. But such advertisements appear up to three months before the property is vacant; so it is advisable for American visitors to start taking English newspapers well before their trip.

It requires considerable luck to rent a flat or a house in the normal way for less than three months. Whoever wishes to avoid a hotel for a stay of a few weeks turns naturally to one of the forbidding blocks of service flats which disfigure the London landscape. Their names and addresses can be got from the British Travel and Holidays Association or by looking up "Flats—Residential" in the professional telephone directory. Some of these are cheap for the luxurious facilities that they offer, but have long waiting lists. Others, easier to get into, have rents going up to thirty guineas (\$90) weekly. The greater expense is often the only thing that distinguishes them from hotels, as the rooms are tiny and the frequent absence of a proper kitchen is meant as an inducement to eat out.

One block of service flats offers thermostatically controlled central heating, shopping arcade, valet and maid service, swimming pool, and aeratone therapeutic bath. An American visitor in such surroundings might well have an uneasy feeling that he had never left home. The



Elizabethan manor house might lack such comforts, but it would be hard to find anything more essentially English; except, perhaps, the copy of the *Times* in which it was advertised.

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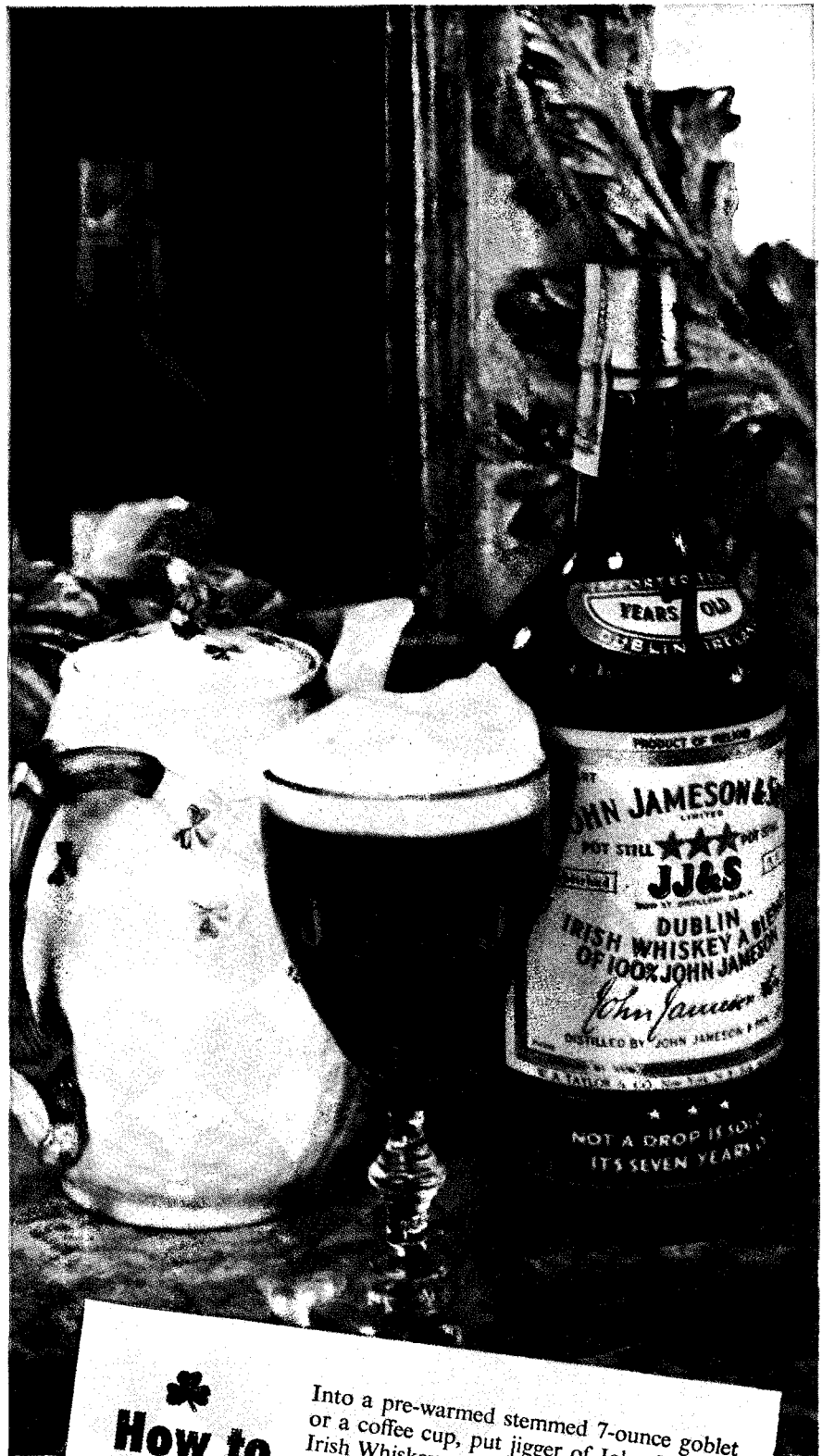
IRISH COFFEE

Americans stopping at the famous Shannon Airport first discovered the unique delight of Irish Coffee. Now, more and more smart spots are serving this fabulous drink . . . more and more people are making it at home. In San Francisco, for example, Irish Coffee is becoming as popular as the Dry Martini.

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How to make IRISH COFFEE

Into a pre-warmed stemmed 7-ounce goblet or a coffee cup, put jigger of John Jameson Irish Whiskey and 1 to 2 teaspoons of sugar. Fill to within $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of top with *strong* black coffee. Instant coffee may be used if desired. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Top to brim with *chilled* whipped cream, so that cream floats on top. Do not stir after adding cream. The true delight of Irish Coffee is obtained by drinking it *through* the cream.

P. S. A simple way to enjoy the synergistic action of coffee and John Jameson is to add 1 jigger of John Jameson Irish Whiskey to coffee as you usually drink it.



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